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AN ADDRESS TO

Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY has already attained one of the noblest of all sublunary distinctions, and the summit of all human grandeur—the right of governing a wise, a free, and a happy people—a dominion co-extensive with the waves of that ocean which has been the field of fame to so many gallant and patriotic sons of Britain, and embracing a very large portion of the habitable earth as well as of the civilized intelligence of the whole world—a dominion greater than Alexander attempted, or than Cæsar possessed—greater than republican Athens in the zenith of her glory ever exercised, or than Imperial Rome, with all her ambitious heroes, ever wielded—greater, in fine, than Jengis Kan, Tarnier-Bec, or Mahomet, ever achieved over “savage clans and roving barbarians.”

Your Majesty has arrived at an age which entitles you, under the British constitution, to ascend the British throne. The dominion, which has fallen to your Majesty by hereditary descent, the British people might with heart-felt pride tender to your Majesty as the free gift of their entire confidence. The youth, which irradiates the brow of your Majesty, at the same time inspires the hopes of the British nation; the eye, which sheds so sweet an influence around, derives the secret of its power from the intelligence within the bosom; the smile, which illuminates and graces the countenance, bespeaks the kindly feelings, the generous affections, and the benevolent sympathies which play

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around the heart; the simple dignity of deportment, with the easy carriage and free address, attest alike your Majesty's royal descent and fitness to rule the British nation; while the chaste elegance of dress displays to their greatest and best advantage, in all their loveliness, the charms which Nature has so liberally bestowed on the person of England's Queen!

Your Majesty has had the good fortune to be educated under the eye of a devoted Mother, possessed of an excellent understanding and of a most amiable disposition. Deeply sensible of the importance of the task which the nation entrusted to her care, she has fulfilled the hopes and expectations of the people; she has prepared the ground for cultivation; she has sown the good seed; she has seen the goodly plant thrive; she has marked its firm root—its gradual growth—its opening bloom—and its displayed effulgence:—her fond heart has cherished no other object than this,—her fervent orisons have had no other aspiration—that her daughter might be found worthy of the nation's fame—worthy of the people's love—and worthy of the spirit of the age.

Your Majesty exhibits the truth of the beautiful Aristotelian adage in Diogenes Laertius, that, if the root of learning be bitter, the fruit is sweet; your Majesty was, by the soft persuasiveness and the tender care of your Mother, "conducted to a hill-side, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth—so green—so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus is not more enchanting." Your Majesty has well studied the history of that country whose destinies are to be wielded by you—the principles of that constitution under which it has risen to unexampled prosperity, influence, and power—and the object, tendency, and effect of those laws which secure to one of the first people under the firmament of heaven, the blessings of civil and religious liberty. But while your Majesty has been treading the more solid paths of learning and science, the lighter accomplishments which sweeten the toils and lessen the cares, while they increase the enjoyments of life, have not been over-looked, as your Majesty's proficiency in the elegant science of music sufficiently demonstrates.

Your Majesty has paid particular regard to whatever concerns the maritime interests of Great Britain, the glories of its naval achievements, and the personal history of its greatest heroes; and undoubtedly whatever relates to the preservation and efficiency of the Royal Navy—the right arm of British power—will receive the most prompt and cordial attention of your Majesty. In traversing the pages of the history of the World, your Majesty could not fail to observe the most important truth which should be deeply imprinted on the mind, the soul, and the heart of every patriotic Briton, that the stability of the Empire is far

more allied to naval than to military power. The histories of Tyre, of Sidon, and of Athens, or of Venice and of Holland, attest the fact, which is equally proclaimed by the entire, and, in some instances, sudden dissolution of power, based on military triumphs, of which history supplies pertinent examples. Your Majesty must be well aware of this further truth, that a Royal Navy cannot be maintained in full efficiency without the aid of extensive commerce, as the ships of British merchants are the nurseries of able seamen for the Royal Navy.

Your Majesty, as a grave and intent reader of British History, could not fail to dwell with particular satisfaction on the illustrious reigns of Elizabeth and Anne. But the maturer judgment of your Majesty would only confirm the judicious opinion of your early youth, that the virtues of Elizabeth were not in exact proportion to her talents:—your Majesty would over one melancholy part of her reign heave a generous sigh for human nature, drop the sympathetic tear, and feel a magnanimous burst of indignation;—and if your Majesty should happily display in the administration of the affairs of this great Empire, the active habits of business, the intelligence,—if not the learning,—the acuteness, discrimination, and judgment,—the energy and fortitude of Elizabeth, with so much of her natural abilities and acquired talent, the British nation will still want no striking parallel to that glorious reign, except for the moral excellencies, of which your Majesty has already given the brightest promise, and in which respect the comparison is not, we think, destined to hold with posterity.

Your Majesty succeeds to the throne of your royal ancestors at a period deeply interesting to practical science. The principle of railroads is coming into general operation, and we are daily witnessing an extension of the principle of steam to practical purposes. As the late and lamented Mr. Huskisson, in a prophetic spirit—(and he was a far-sighted man)—observed, when the Manchester and Liverpool railroad was first opened, “A new power has been introduced among men, and no individual living can tell to what extent that power will be carried.”

By the united principles the distant parts of the British Empire seem to be themselves united, giving and receiving from the rapidity of traffic and intercourse the most important advantages; and to Ireland in particular we look as likely to derive, in the march of civilization, much greater proportionate advantages, while, with her own internal improvement, will be connected a proportionate improvement in the Irish revenue. The extension of the commercial interests of the country, or of any portion of the empire, is a general good; and the more your Majesty shall be graciously inclined to patronise the practical sciences, the greater benefit will your Majesty confer on the nation at large.

Among the objects, which will be entitled to the serious consideration of your Majesty, is the necessity of devising further means to prevent the bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies from being infringed alike by chicanery and fraud, or by violence and outrage. That most beneficent act must not be permitted to remain a dead letter, nor to be perverted into an engine of legalized wrong. The cruisers of your Majesty on the African coast, and in the West Indies, will, under the most positive instructions of your Majesty, continue to exercise extreme vigilance in effectually stopping the secret importation of slaves to the West Indian Islands and dependencies. Whatever diplomacy can accomplish, your Majesty will, through the medium of the British Ambassadors, press on the earnest attention of those Foreign Courts, which have not yet fallen into the views of the British Parliament; and whatever can be effected through the Colonial Legislatures to ameliorate the present condition, to brighten the future prospects, and to hasten the final emancipation of the slaves, the Governors, appointed by your Majesty, will use their most strenuous endeavours to consummate. Your Majesty will see the great propriety of quickening the march of emancipation by increased energy in the establishment of schools, and by uncommon care in selecting intelligent, discreet, and diligent schoolmasters, as well as most able magistrates, who will dispense impartial justice with tender mercy, and alike conciliate the respect and the esteem of the grasping planter, and the offending negro. Among the benevolent views, which your Majesty may be disposed to entertain on this most interesting and important subject, will be the consideration in what way the well-being of the Creole population can be provided for, their rights protected, their prosperity promoted, and their intellectual and moral improvement advanced. To our humble judgment it appears—and your Majesty may reasonably be expected to acquiesce in the adoption of any measure that is based on wisdom;—that the most important step, which can, in the present circumstances, be taken with respect to the West Indies, is the establishment of *two universities* with most liberal endowments; for without such liberal endowments, men of intellectual energy and of literary or scientific attainments will not be induced to abandon good—but perhaps somewhat *uncertain*—prospects in this country for the sake of any *certain* income in the West Indies, unless the income be liberal and holding out a species of temptation commensurate with the dangers to be encountered in a strange land and unhealthy climate. As it is allowed on all sides that the clergy are most necessary instruments in the education of the people; it is of supreme importance that they should be men of learning and discretion, of piety and of zeal—of such zeal as kindles without inflaming, warms without consuming, and

converts the torch of civil discord into the calumet of Christian peace. The promotion of MECHANICS' INSTITUTES, under judicious management and liberal patronage, will no doubt occur to your Majesty as great *subsidiæ* for the attainment of the grand object in view. We are also of opinion that the formation of public Libraries and Museums in those towns where the Governors, appointed by your Majesty, reside, and under the personal superintendence of the Governors themselves, with public Levées on particular days, would be attended with most beneficial results in collecting and diffusing information, in rousing dormant energies, in fanning the intellectual flame, and in inspiring generous emulation.

Your Majesty cannot fail to perceive the incalculable advantages of ruling the East Indian possessions on similar principles of humane legislation. If we desire permanently to attach to the interests of Great Britain the immense population of India, these are the arts by the employment of which your Majesty will not fail of fulfilling your benevolent and politic purpose. But the increasing population of the half-caste order requires the especial care of your Majesty:—the promotion of their intellectual and moral improvement by Schools, Universities, Libraries, Museums, will be the most enlightened policy which your Majesty can pursue. Their rights should be amply protected by legislative enactments, and their privileges fixed beyond doubt, and their condition ameliorated in every possible respect. The Petitions already presented to Parliament show the propriety of cultivating their minds, and ensuring their attachment to the British throne, as well as to the sacred person of your Majesty.

Your Majesty is stated, towards the close of the last Parliament, to have eagerly inquired whether the bill for the "Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt" was likely to pass before the Parliament was dissolved; and when your Majesty was informed that it would not pass, to have expressed deep regret, declaring such Imprisonment to be contrary to the letter and spirit of Magna Charta. The declaration was worthy of all that generosity of sentiment which so well becomes a youthful heart, and for which we had previously given full credit to your Majesty. The declaration, moreover, implies that your Majesty had meditated on the subject, and was ever ready to press forward a measure which would reflect honour on the humanity of the age—which was required by the spirit of the times—for which benevolent and patriotic men had so long contended both in Parliament and in the republic of letters. We entreat your Majesty to continue your magnanimous efforts to carry the proposed measure into effect, subject to such modifications as the wisdom of Parliament may, in the course of further discussion, suggest, and con-

taining clauses calculated to inflict exemplary punishment on fraudulent bankrupts, swindlers, and dishonest insolvents. Your Majesty will then convey to the hearts of the many thousands of your subjects who now pine in dungeons, prisons, and gaols, deprived of homes, of comforts, of wives, of parents, of children, of light, of liberty, and of the means of support, "tidings of great joy;"—then will your Majesty be, in the language of Lord Chatham, "enthroned in the hearts of the wise and of the good."

Your Majesty is perhaps already aware that the political turmoils of foreign countries have expatriated many noble advocates of freedom, and banished them as refugees to the shores of Britain. Numbers of these unfortunate individuals have settled themselves in the English metropolis. Here, by their talents or literary acquirements, they endeavour to obtain an honourable livelihood, but too often receive but a miserable pittance. 'When we consider their former rank, the influence they have had in society, there ought to be "a time to forgive as well as a time to banish." In France there are a variety of institutions established for the encouragement of learning, and empowered, both by the laws and by the aid of liberal endowments, to reward the intelligent author or the persevering man of letters. But in London no inducement, no assistance of this kind is offered to ameliorate the condition of the needy *litterateur*; and the unhappy refugee, without patrons, without friends, and without resources, is frequently at a loss to dispose of his lucubrations and procure a recompence for his literary labours. Perhaps some means might suggest themselves to your Majesty for the alleviation of the distresses of foreign refugees; or your Majesty's Ambassadors to the different Courts of Europe might intercede for amnesty in some cases, and conditional pardon in others.

Your Majesty has traversed, in company with your illustrious Mother, a considerable part of the British Empire, and has become acquainted with the trade, commerce, and manufactures of the country. Your Majesty has doubtless persuaded yourself of the propriety of loosening the springs of industry, wherever they are still too much pressed by severe taxation. We are satisfied that your Majesty will, by every means in your power, encourage the consumption of British manufactures, more especially the silk manufactured by the ingenious and meritorious operatives of Spitalfields. If your Majesty would have the kindness to command the ladies who frequent the Levées at your Court to appear always and only in dresses of British manufacture, the effect on the trade itself would be considerable, and the good incalculable by the reaction on other branches of trade. A solitary order on a particular occasion is of course highly beneficial to the manufacturing interest at the moment; but your Majesty, by a permanent command, may produce a permanent

and national benefit. The principle should be laid down, and made known, and enforced now and henceforth, that all ladies who appear at the Court of your Majesty cannot be received except in dresses of British manufacture.

Your Majesty, as we are well convinced, has perceived the great importance of diffusing more and more the benefits of education amongst the people. Your Majesty will be prepared to promote any good plans for the diffusion of those benefits: your Majesty will not hesitate in the Royal Speech, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, to recommend this subject most earnestly to the immediate attention of Parliament. The Prime Minister of your Majesty will be prepared to propose to the Legislature certain measures connected with it, and your Majesty may greatly assist the object by at once issuing a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the best means of attaining the desired end, with specific plans for the adoption of the Legislature, founded on their own suggestions, and on the information which may be gathered by them in the course of their researches. When your Majesty considers the important fact which was stated by the Duke of Wellington in Parliament, at the time when acts of incendiarism were of frequent occurrence in Hampshire,—that the illustrious Duke had made particular inquiry at Winchester about the number of persons who were committed to the town-gaol for acts of this kind, and who were able to read and write, and had discovered that a very large portion of those who were so committed were unable to write,—when this fact shall have been duly weighed by your Majesty, the grave necessity of devising some plan of general education for immediate adoption will forcibly present itself to your benevolent and royal mind. If the danger of the spreading of Popery be so imminent, as many of your Majesty's subjects suppose, the proper, effectual, and safe remedy is education for the people;—the shadows of Popery will recede as the public mind becomes enlightened, disabused of its grosser prejudices, and disenchanted of its more seductive superstitions. If another portion of your Majesty's subjects be alarmed at the supposed progress of republican, democratic, and radical principles, the remedy must again be sought in the education of the people; and thus, if the poison be now spreading, the antidote will be in preparation, and at least the minds of the rising generation will be preserved from contamination. If another portion of your Majesty's subjects be possessed with apprehensions about the good-working of the Reform Bill,—about the farther demands of Reformers,—or about the dangers which beset the Established Church,—those apprehensions will be gradually removed—those dangers will evidently be lessened in proportion to the diffusion of education. The more

inflammable matter we withdraw, the less will be the chances of flame, and the less will be the mischiefs of conflagration.

Your Majesty, in the honesty of a youthful heart, will not be offended at the plain speaking of any of your subjects; and ill would it become our sincerity to withhold at this time any counsel which we have to tender to your Majesty, and to press on your attention with all the earnestness which we can summon to our minds. Your Majesty will, no doubt, remember the account which our countryman, Dr. Samuel Johnson, gives of the interview between your Majesty's Grandfather, George the Third, of revered memory, and the great lexicographer. The conversation chiefly turned upon points of literature, and your Majesty's Grandfather manifested the same shrewdness of remark—the same power of repartee—the same information—the same gracious kindness and condescension as on other occasions; but no *second interview* took place; and it was followed by no other result than the agreeable impressions left on the mind of Dr. Johnson, and perhaps on the mind of the King himself. When the health of Dr. Johnson was declining, and the mild climate of Italy was recommended to him, Sir Joshua Reynolds and James Boswell waited on Lord Chancellor Thurlow to request his intercession with the King for an increase of Johnson's pension; but Lord Thurlow declined the task, which he thought too hazardous to himself, or too hopeless in respect to the object, but gave from his own resources a most splendid benefaction of £200, observing that it would be a shame if such a man were left in want. We are told of one single interview between the same King and Dr. Beattie;—but no *second interview* ever took place. It is clear, then, that in those times the patronage of literature by the King and the Government was little understood.

We would submit to the consideration of your Majesty, whether, at the commencement of a new reign, under the most favourable auspices, a different system could not, and ought not to be pursued for the benefit of the community, and for the honour of literature and science. We know no special reasons wherefore literary and scientific persons, of great attainments and abilities, though they may not happen to be invested with any public office, should be excluded from the Court. We have never heard that they were particularly invited by the Kings or the Governments to present themselves at Court; and we know some good reasons of State policy *why they should be particularly invited to Court*. But though, if they were thus invited, they might not find themselves "quite at home," while the aristocracy deem it an act of condescension to hold personal intercourse with them, there is another mode of dealing with them, which would be far more agreeable to themselves—far more honourable to their order,—far more beneficial to the public

weal—and far more worthy of the generous sentiments and liberal patronage of your Majesty. Let them be invited to Court on particular days, set apart for themselves,—and for themselves only (including, of course, the small literary portion of the aristocracy)—when your Majesty would have the opportunity of conversing with them free from the interruption of mere fashionable society, and of conferring such honour on them as your Majesty might deem right and expedient; which distinctions would not fail to disseminate among them feelings that would tend to check the scurrilous, licentious, and Infidel writings of the day. One of the collateral advantages which would result from such occasional interviews, would be that learned and scientific men would be brought into the society of each other, and while the accidents of conversation might be the means of communicating valuable suggestions to each other, the personal intercourse would, in many instances, lessen literary and scientific jealousy, in more produce mutual respect and esteem, and lead to epistolary correspondence, and all the courtesies, amenities, charities, and utilities of free and frequent intercourse. Your Majesty could consider whether there should be an Order of Literary and Scientific merit. One farther favour might be conferred on the members of those bodies; and that is, to reserve for them alone the privilege of occupying apartments in Hampton Palace, which are, we believe, at present, chiefly or solely inhabited by members of the nobility, whose fortunes have been from various causes reduced; and to provide for their use a Library, Museum, and Reading-Room, endowed by a Parliamentary grant. In the hope that your Majesty will be well pleased with these remarks, as in perfect accordance with your own feelings and disposition, and with the most profound respect,

We have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Majesty's faithful and devoted servants,

TABLEAU FROM SPORTING LIFE

THE RECORDER'S ADDRESS

TO THE LORD MAYOR, CORPORATION, AND CITIZENS OF LONDON.

Now happy May'r of Old *Augusta*,

Shake out your banners from the dust;—a

Young lovely Queen and courtly troop

Will come to eat your turtle soup.

Brave Common Council Men, unite,—

Ye Aldermanic wits, indite

A speech most loyal—an oration,

In prose or verse, for the occasion.

Right worthy fellow Citizens

Dwellers on high, or denizensSaturnine of the *lower regions*,

To greet your Queen, pour forth in LEGIONS.

So may she, like a radiant star,

Enter our *Temple* without bar,

While folks through windows, gaping wide,

(A pound a head!) adorn *Cheap-side*.

And thou, most loved and Royal Maid,

Behold our hearts and swords displayed,

As off'rings to our "Virgin's shrine."

Our purses—no—the *strings*—are thine.

For thee we ever will maintain

The loyal cause with *might* and *main*,

From London Bridge to walls of Troy,

Our motto still—*Dieu et mon Droit*.

Although no giant race are we,

Like those great heroes whom you see—

Gog and Magog—yet it is said,

"A live dog's worth a lion dead."

Oft shall our *Guild* this honour boast,

Oft shall those walls resound the toast,

With "Nine times nine"—"REGINA GLORIA!"

LONG LIVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN VICTORIA!"

O. P. Q.

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE FIRST.—TATTERSALL'S.

(Concluded from page 357.)

SHERIDAN'S elegant definition of true courage requires that it be as polished as it is keen; those who make "satire their weapon" are wont to bestow all their care upon the gloss, neglecting both its edge and point. Writers of this class are ever prodigal of generalities. Horace, the courtier, lampooned mankind in the mass, but was especially cautious in eschewing all that tended towards personality. His no less courtly disciple of Twickenham compounded, through the medium of convenient asterisks, between his sincerity and his good-breeding. It is true, indeed, that in a well-turned couplet he declared,

"I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?"

Yet, obedient to the professional polish of all his tribe, we find in the sequel, that, to quote his own words against him, he

"Arraigned no mightier thief than wretched Wild."

Shakspeare, no mean authority, tells us that the noblest purpose of the stage is "to hold the mirror up to nature." That which the drama was, the press is. The influence of theatrical representations has decreased in the proportion that the taste for literary pursuits has advanced. Lessons on the social economy are not now learnt in places of public resort, but in the closet. All who write, whether for instruction or entertainment, should have this ever before them. Of all social engines, the pen is the most powerful: let the man who ventures to assume it remember, that he has put his hand to the plough, and that he may not look back.

If it be requisite, in the ordinary business of life, guarded as it is by legislative enactments, and entered upon and pursued with the mind collected and circumspect, that those, with whom we deal, should possess characters for probity and uprightness, how infinitely more essential is it, that they, among whom we are thrown in moments of excitement, and with whom we speculate, resting upon the security of their honour solely, should be of unequivocal faith and unsullied reputation! Yet the precise opposite of this is the every-day practice in sporting life. Of the great landowners, for instance, who assemble weekly at Tattersall's, is there one who would accept a tenant (however he might show himself able to stock his land, and enter upon his farm like a man of substance) without a reference as to character and general repute? and of these, is there one, who, if it suited his book, would hesitate to traffic with the blackest Leg that ever waddled into the subscription room? How inexplicable is it that, while the very air of the stable has the reputation of making men more cunning and astute than their fellows, the Turf holds out advantages to the cheat, to be found in no other human occupation. Men of straw, here is your El Dorado! Come here and turn your tens of thousands without as much coined monies in possession as would pay toll for your walking-

sticks. Here ye need never lack gold in your pockets, so long as ye have brass in your faces! What for kneel ye, that woo the blind goddess, at altars of red and black, where none are admitted but the bearers of burnt offerings? here you may speculate your fill, and return again when the offerings are to be made—if ye have to receive them!

Metropolitan life was never so distinguished by the general luxury of its accompaniments as at the present day. Passing by the Magnates, who were always exalted, we find the middle classes associating in clubs of regal magnificence, and the costermonger repairing for his gin or "heavy" to a "palace." Amid this universal taste for the splendid and the convenient, where are we to look for the solitary exception? Where least we should expect it. The leaders of *ton*, the lofty of birth, the profuse of treasure, in pursuit of their pleasures gathered together in a stable yard, surrounded by a rascal rabble without let or modification save the possession of whole garments. Surely this is not a condition likely much longer to be suffered in a period of such enlightened refinement as this; better things are in store and cannot long be withheld. Why should there not be a Turf-Club established, not upon an exclusive principle, but, on the contrary, as liberal as the respectability of such a society would admit? Even the Jockey Club is without a *rendezvous* in London. There cannot be a doubt that the members of that most influential sporting association would support and patronise any plan, having for its object the character of that great National Sport in behalf of which they are confederated in so honourable a league. It is true, that as a convenience for themselves they need not the establishment of any new Club, Brooks's, White's, and all the aristocratic trystings in St. James's bringing them together sufficiently for their individual purposes; but the cause would benefit by it, and that would be motive enough. What would operate as a more wholesome check upon the schemes got up at remote distances from the metropolis for Turf robbery and sporting cheats of all descriptions, than a focus where the sporting news from every district would necessarily converge, while it would be canvassed and tested by those whose local knowledge would enable them to throw the fairest light upon all its bearings? What could so surely advance the true objects of sporting as a *rendezvous*, where all its sons might meet as occasion permitted, either to propose their plans for the protection or furtherance of its interests, or merely for the purposes of good fellowship? I offer the hint, and how sincerely it will rejoice me to see it taken up by those who have but to propose it to ensure its success!

I have alluded to the Jockey Club, and the great influence possessed by it—there cannot be a better opportunity than, ere I take my leave of Tattersall's, to give expression to an opinion which very many of the best friends of the Turf entertain in common with myself, upon the system pursued by that distinguished society in regulating the leading business of racing, which is immediately within its controul, and which is made a precedent for Turf practice in every part of the kingdom. At Newmarket the power possessed by it over all racing details is despotic: the heath rented from the duke of Portland is exclusively under its dominions. *There* if wrong exist, it does so by voluntary assent: there the Jockey Club possesses unlimited authority,

and all should be regulated so as to confer a local dignity, and diffuse a wholesome example. It is much to be regretted that, excellent as the laws of racing emanating from it are admitted to be, they do not include enactments for preventing mischief as well as suggesting remedies. Why does not a rule like this preface the Racing Code? "No persons shall be permitted to race a horse, or horses, at Newmarket, either in their own names, or those of other individuals, *who are known to practise any unlawful calling*; neither shall *menial servants* be allowed to start any horses named by themselves, or any one for them, under any circumstances whatever." This is not only warranted, but enforced by the legitimate purpose of racing, which is two-fold,—to minister to the service of an important branch of rural economy, and to afford a sound and healthy mean of public relaxation. How is the first of these likely to be promoted by allowing professional gamblers—men actually under indictment as public rogues and cheats—to purchase horses and run them "any how," according to their several necessities,—or the latter, I would beg to know, to be accomplished, by exhibiting the nobles of the land engaged in a contest for money with their own or their friends' domestics? Is it supposed that I am putting an extreme case? There was one race only at Newmarket in the present month, the list of which contained not less than six horses, the property of persons precisely in the condition of those above specified. What magic can have brought it to pass that, at the spot of all others in the land where the aristocracy "most do congregate," there we find realized all that the wildest visions of democracy ever "raved" of when she dreamt?

No more eventful or instructive volume could be compiled than that which should contain a faithful record of the lives of those, who, during the last twenty years, have "*fretted their hour*" at Hyde Park Corner, and "now are seen no more." Over that period my memory extends; and how many a rise and fall does it furnish the sad experience! Akin as the sublime and the ridiculous have been pronounced, they are far from being as nearly related as the pathetic and absurd. More than in any condition of fortune, this will be found in the casualties of sporting life. Many of its changes are so like the tricks of legerdemain, that they out-herod any thing attempted by modern fiction. How often have I seen just before the Derby day, standing in the midst of the busy crowds at Tattersall's, and looking as if he had fallen from the clouds, a little fat *roué*, the picture of dissipation and devilment, well known upon the Irish Turf—though his racing fame had never extended here. His name was Irwin—"Commodore Irwin," as he was always designated,—but for what cause I am not able to state, unless from his having run away from home when a boy, and passing some years in the capacity of cabin-boy in a merchantman. He had passed through all the vicissitudes of a gamblers life, in all their extremes, beyond arithmetical calculation. To-day you meet him in the streets of Dublin, in rags, and without shoe or stocking; to-morrow, driving his coach and four. This is not meant figuratively, but as the plain fact. An episode in his career, for the truth of which I pledge myself, will tolerably illustrate the affinity in sporting life between the pathetic and absurd.

A long run of ill luck had produced more than the ordinary wretchedness with which it was generally accompanied. Not only had it left him penniless, but he had given a bill of sale for his furniture, and his family were without a bed to lie on—chair or table—the last indeed no great loss, inasmuch as they were without any thing to put upon it. In fact, they were in a state of actual starvation, for credit and the commodore had long ceased to be on visiting terms, when the Sligo races (in the neighbourhood of which town his "place" was situated) arrived. Thitherward he instinctively steered, as he said himself, "with a tear in his eye like a widow's pig." The races lasted two days, and upon the morning of the third, while his miserable wife stood watching for his return, and vainly striving to appease her famishing children that were crying for bread (or rather potatoes), suddenly there hove in sight the most unearthly cavalcade that ever presented itself to a distressed mother. First came a hearse and four, driven by her lord, quite as drunk as any of that degree were seen since the establishment of the axiom. Beside him sate a piper (ditto) in a winding sheet, performing Patrick's day, with an emphasis known only to drone and chaunter. On the roof of the "Body Bus" were seated several friends of the family, in corresponding states of elevation; while two mourning coaches and pair, full in and out, closed the procession. The commodore had returned with his pockets lined with prize money, the hearse and trimmings being the *spolia opima* of a sporting undertaker whom he had turned inside out, and, in his own phrase, "left as clane as a horse's head at a bonfire."

The commodore had a contemporary (as far merely as his eccentricities went) on the Irish Turf, of whom a word *en passant*. Lieutenant Holman, the blind traveller, did not select a pursuit more whimsically in reference to natural fitness, than did Fitzmaurice Caldwell when he pitched upon the Turf. From the first of his connexion with racing he possessed no more *personal controul* than if his body had belonged to the Grand Lama of Thibet. He was a sore stumbling-block to the aphorism that asserts "There never was a will but there was a way." God knows he was *wilful* enough, but as for a *way*, he could not accomplish more in that line than the rock of Gibraltar. In fact, he was more than half a fossil, the gout having turned his larger moiety into chalk. It is not a subject to treat so lightly, for the agonies I have seen him endure were enough to melt a heart of stone; indeed, how he bore them I know not, except that the greater proportion of him *was* stone.

It was under one of those tremendous paroxysms, of which I have spoken, that I saw him exhibit in a fashion that would have provoked a *guffaw* under the ribs of death. During one of the Curragh meetings he was seated in his phaeton, and I marked his writhing, while the gout was seething his marrow like a red iron. It was terrible to look upon him! the sweat of agony ran boiling down his temples. I gazed upon him as I might upon the victim of an *auto da fe*: it made my flesh creep—when suddenly I heard him roar out? "Where's my pony?—will nobody put me on my pony? and he swore as those alone can swear who have practised under a boatswain (he too was of the sea-service). The motive for the outcry was that he might accompany a favourite

horse to the starting-post, the horses of his phaeton having been taken off. Presently after an energy of speech which I had never heard equalled, "the steed was brought." Already some of his considerate friends had lifted him out of his carriage, and having hoisted him into the saddle—with his face to the tail, they bestowed a few such complimentary visits upon the galloway's crupper and ribs that sent him with yards square before the wind, at twenty knots an hour. Cruikshank would have thrown away his pencil in despair had he attempted the scene that followed. Never shall I forget it. As he flew past me, I made a rush at the animal's head, and I should have succeeded but that the sight was too much for me—all that was ever imagined of the absurd since the creation was there passing me at one fell swoop. My limbs refused their office, I was rivetted to the spot, and exploded in a delirium of laughter that wellnigh slew me where I stood! and oh! the fiery glance of the distracted podagrist! the scowl of Medusa compared with it would have been a seraph's smile. On, on he dashed, swearing, praying, gnashing his teeth—clenching his hands, lurching from side to side, making inhuman faces and horrific gestures till all was lost in distance. How he preserved his seat was miraculous. One of the Curragh boys was at my side as the Captain galloped past—at first he seemed to expect a *spill* every moment, but as he continued his course still keeping his saddle the native thus soliloquized—"By the good daylight I believe he's used to it—ah! *by Jesus it's not the first time that he rode with his behind before.*"

As I never enter Tattersall's, so neither can I write the word, without recalling the memory of him with whom all my sporting associations are so intimately blended; in whom I possessed the most valued of my companions, and lost the warmest of my friends,—poor Mytton! To all the sporting world his name is familiar as a household word, and his eccentricities are quoted when any thing without a parallel needs illustration. Though cut off in the flower of his prime at little more than half the span allotted to ordinary life, he had lived more, probably, than any man who had counted a century. When his companions and equals in years were boys, and treated as such, young Mytton was already invested with the prerogatives of manhood; premature in all physical properties, he had beside an unlimited command of money, and with an ardour of temperament blown into a flame with every excitement, he was absolute and uncontrolled disposer of his own will. That the career of such a spirit should have been erratic is not the wonder,—that it should have been ought else would have been a miracle. Few events of his extraordinary life were unknown to me; we were of similar age, of similar pursuits, and, I fear, too similar in constitutional disposition. From boyhood we had been associates, and in the last bitter days of his trial he selected me as the depositary of his sorrows—may I hope that in the zeal with which I sought to soothe them I was not altogether unsuccessful?

When the event did arrive, which all who valued him truly could not regret, I prepared the materials which I possessed so largely, with the purpose of compiling a memoir of his *public* Sporting Life. While this was in progress, I thought in courtesy I could not do less than intimate to one whose affection had followed him from the cradle to the coffin, what I had in contemplation. The answer to that com-

munication decided me to proceed no further. The wish expressed was that all might be suffered to rest in oblivion. To me it was a sacred command. Since then his story has been brought before the world prominently, by one who had many opportunities of knowing him in the noon of his career. This would make it an act of ultra-fastidiousness to continue a silence that has so long prevented me from doing the last justice to the memory of one I valued well. How few that have read the narrative of his almost fabulous exploits could imagine the distracted actor a man of elegant manners, finished education, refined imagination, and a heart susceptible of the noblest sentiments?—Yet such was Mytton, when himself, beyond any with whom I have been intimately familiar in my passage through life. He was the best classic—not professional, I ever met; but how and where he collected his lore I never could learn. He was perfectly conversant with history and *Belles Lettres*, and I do not think there was a verse in Scripture to which he could not have assigned its proper chapter. With the frame of a Hercules, and a constant exertion of his amazing physical powers, he had all his natural rudeness in perfect obedience—it never, even to the last, succeeded in neutralizing the gentleness of the gentleman, whenever it pleased him to assume his better part. Of this, his handwriting was a remarkable instance. I have some of his letters written a few months before his death, in which the characters are as finely traced and as beautifully moulded as if they were the crow-quill studies of a girl of sixteen. The chord which had been too early and too violently stretched, there is no doubt, had long yielded in part to its unnatural tension, before it gave way wholly, and snapped for ever. At what period his mind first became disordered, there is no line of judgment to guide us; working against an adamantine constitution (the progress of his mental infirmity altogether regulated by his physical condition), the shocks to which his mind yielded finally must have been many and terrible. The first time I had cause to fear his reason had become actually impaired, was during a visit to Halston, in the summer of 1830. It was noon of an August day when I arrived, and we strolled together to the gardens. He spoke of my fondness for fruit, and insisted upon gathering for me all the rarest and best that the hothouses contained. This he did by tearing off whole branches from the most valuable trees. I knew him too well to remonstrate, and, as the only chance of stopping the mischief, drew him from the spot as speedily and indifferently as I could. After lunch he proposed a drive in the grounds, that I might give my opinion of a roan harness-horse that he had recently purchased. It was accordingly brought round in a light pony phaeton, a low-wheeled double-bodied carriage, the front division of which he occupied as driver, and into the other I handed his beautiful wife, who was to be our companion. I was prepared for quick work, his pace being nothing new to me; but for what did occur I certainly was not provided. We started at a gallop, which he urged into a frantic speed by every possible excitement of voice and whip. We flew through the park, reached the high road, and pursued it to Ellesmere at a rate never attempted, I am sure, by any locomotive means before. How we escaped being dashed to pieces is to be classed among the other miracles that safely may be ascribed to his road-work, who twice leaped a turnpike-gate

in his buggy! I confess I was mortally frightened, and, as soon as my breath returned, enquired how the fair traveller felt after her alarm? She bore it as, perhaps, no other woman could—smiled, said she had had a good deal of experience in such a style of coachmanship, but subsequently admitted that a specimen of so outrageous a performance she had never before seen.

It was in the course of that evening that some member of the family circle put a pencil into my hand, with an injunction that it be forthwith used to commemorate the event of the morning. The result was the production of some doggrel lines, of which the point was, that “as one just person would have averted the doom of the cities of the plain, the lady of Halston might never fear to encounter danger, because by the act she would ensure the presence of a seraph to avert all hazard.” The first stanza was in this wise:—

“Away, away—like a meteor’s ray,
Like the gleam of a shooting star,
Was the arrowy speed of that red-roan steed
And the flight of that fiery car!”

Time rolled on: Mytton fell into difficulties; his wife was taken from him, and a suit in Chancery commenced, upon which I was summoned as a witness. Among the items adduced in proof of his cruelty towards that lady was the drive which I have described, and Lord Brougham was favoured with a copy of the aforesaid doggrel. Passing rapidly down Spring Gardens one bitter day in December, 1833, I heard some one running, and my name loudly shouted. I turned, and Mytton approached. What a sight of woe was there! His face was wan and haggard—his dress utterly neglected—his hair hung wildly around his forehead—alas! there was “a noble mind o’erthrown!” He held my hand for some minutes in silence, gazing fixedly upon me: at length he found a voice,—“Poor Caroline!” he said (his wife’s name)—“You remember the drive, don’t you? and the ode? the fine Olympic?—‘Away, away, like a meteor’s ray,’” he repeated, in a low solemn tone, reciting the poem through without failing in a word. “You see,” he continued, “I have my lesson well. I’ll whisper the reason in your ear,—I repeat those lines every hour of every day, and when I am silent *I am speaking them to my heart.*” As he spoke, his voice gradually failed—the spirit that still struggled within him could not wrestle with nature—he burst into an agony of tears. “I shall be better presently,” he observed, as I led him away; “quite well as soon as I get a glass of brandy, with a tablespoonful of cayenne in it.”

In three months more, accident informed me that he was lying on his death-bed. I went to that last sad abode of earthly suffering—a prison, and there I found him;—“to such complexion he had come at last.” Need I say how truly I rejoiced when the hour arrived that set him free for ever? He had erred, and surely he had paid the penalty; and as I turned from the sad scene and all its melancholy accompaniments, I mourned for my unhappy friend, but not as one having no hope.

What an odd work would be “An Analysis of the Betting Ring.”

constructed out of the materials to be had at Hyde Park Corner! Divided into parts, it would consist of two parties, who meet together for the purpose of laying wagers upon certain events, to which end the one party alone possesses the means; ensuring to the other a profit to each, varying from a few hundreds to several thousands a year, according to the extent of his business (technically, engagements). As the latter party has a considerable item to provide for in the shape of travelling expenses, five hundred a year will be a very low estimate at which to put the cost of every Leg employed by the former for its particular use and benefit. I assure the reader I am perfectly serious—never was more in earnest in my life. It is notorious that not one man connected with the ring professionally began life possessed of a groat; and how many of them live under a thousand a year? There is no use in quoting cases, it is so in all. Should you like to see the first step,—the *premier pas* of a Leg,—his chrysalis, to speak it scientifically? Behold a *tableau vivant*.

There used to stand, during the oyster season, at the corner of the Piccadilly Flags in Manchester, a little bare-footed urchin whose stock in trade consisted of a couple of dozens of that fish, of a doubtful character, a soda-water bottle without a neck, containing vinegar, and a brown paper bag filled with a dark-looking powder supposed to be pepper. Not long after he thus commenced business, the gentlemen who drive the cars, and whose rank is upon that pavement, observed that he was realizing rapidly, one of them having actually seen him give a customer, who had spent fourpence with him, the balance out of a shilling. Thus was the great mercantile crisis achieved—the first shilling had been put together. This was about the date of my first acquaintance with him. He had somewhat enlarged the sphere of his action,—had become more eccentric,—might be found at the different race-meetings in the north, where he would hold your horse, or put his hand to any thing (or *into* any thing indeed, as the rumour ran, but I don't like to be severe). I think it was at York he made his first hit. By some means he had scented out the true reason that a horse was at 20 to 1 against him. Accordingly, having scraped together a sovereign, he took the odds to that sum, *posted his blunt*, the *tit* won, and our young fishmonger became the master of a treasure that nearly turned his brain. The richest sight that it ever was my fortune to fall in with was the exhibition made by the oyster dealer, dressed (or *scolloped*, as old B—— called it) the day following his first slice of luck. When I encountered him he was seated on a bench in the Stand, his body in an attitude of elegant negligence, and in the full bloom of the slop-shop. He wore a blue coat, three-quarters bred, with the sleeves a good deal over his knuckles; his vest was “shawl pattern,” amber and scarlet. I forget the never-nameables, or most probably I did not notice them at all, being dazzled with that which evidently occupied all his own attention—the fitting-up of his shoes, which consisted of a pair of bows, each about the size of a first-class dairy Cheshire cheese. No doubt it was the first time he was shod. Nothing in broad farce ever came near the style in which he handled his hoofs. First one was gently protruded, then the other paraded;—what had whispered the maxim of Horace to him you knew not, but

there he was industriously examining whether his pair of trotters were a spectacle which

"*Si proprius stes*
"Te capiat majus : majus si longius abstes."

Since the aurelia was thus perfected he has served his seven years at the trade, and now you see him "as good as any thing at Tattersall's." He has long migrated from Lancashire,—has his chambers in town,—rides his blood horse,—goes with a cigar in his cheek, his hands in his pea-jacket pockets,—gives checks on his West-end bankers, and while he holds his tongue might be mistaken for a deluded gentleman's son. But with him, so it is with the brotherhood: they cannot (with very few exceptions) rid their voice and vocabulary of a scarlet vulgarity and rudeness closely bordering on ruffianism. If it be strange that the characters of these minds do not deter gentlemen from being seen in places which they frequent, how their manners and habits do not disgust every one accustomed to good society, passes my understanding. The effect of custom is proverbial, and there is little doubt but that its influence has alone wrought the anomalism exhibited at Hyde Park Corner. More than half a century ago some chance of fashion gave it the stamp current of a sporting rendezvous. While the whole economy of business and pleasure has since been revolutionized,—while the conveniencies and pleasures of life have advanced with every year, there they appear to have come to a "dead lock," as Byron calls it. And what has been the consequence? That which always results in the social scheme—that where there is no progress there is a retrogression. Fifty years ago, the men now seen at Tattersall's would not have been tolerated among gentlemen, though the habits of society were infinitely more loose than they are now. Fifty years ago, there were but few places of resort, beyond family circles, protected by any rules against indiscriminate company; provided all comers were decently habited, they mixed with the beaux and wits of the day in the taverns or coffee-houses, then the only places of resort for social purposes. Now all is changed, and certainly for the better. If in civilized life it is necessary that society be divided into various classes, surely nothing can be more convenient than that each should have some common point of assembly, not with reference to business merely, but also to relaxation and conviviality. Such is now the case in all the social divisions, save in that great and important one which relates to the first of our National Sports. The military man has his case provided for with a scrupulous care that has prepared a separate palace for the senior and junior class of his service. The scientific, the travelled, the literary man, the politician, the gambler of *ton* (so that the speculation he pursues cannot tend in any way to serve the public cause), these are all protected from having their peculiar pursuits intruded upon by the exceptionable. They have incorporated themselves, founded institutions appropriate to their particular tendencies, and defended them from all chance of impeachable intrusion, by such regulations of admission as make such an accident next to impossible. The only perfect Metropolitan Saturnalia is to be found at Tattersall's,

where ("not to speak it profanely") none is before or after another, none greater or less than another.

As to the good or evil which attaches to betting (now and always so component a part of racing), with that I have nothing to do. It was so from the first, is so now, and so will be to the end of the chapter. The object I had in view in offering these *Tableaux* for public exhibition was, that, having a knowledge of their subjects, I could place them in such lights as would best enable the *designs* to be understood. Thus, in bringing so prominently forward the dark back-ground of Tattersall's, it was because I felt the service that might result from *bringing out* the ominous "shadows" that, in their generation, "have wrought more terror than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers." But here the notice of the picture does not close. There are other points that deserve attention; let us proceed to observe them.

It is not very long since a match for a moderate sum was made between two individuals of sporting celebrity, the horses engaged being of high racing repute. Though the match, as I have said, was for a small sum, the betting, as it frequently happens, was very heavy. On the morning of the race one of the parties sent for the jockey that was to ride for him, and addressed him to this effect:—"I have merely made the match for to-day as a trial for my horse, to see what he can do: you will therefore run with your adversary, so as to enable you to form a judgment of his speed, and let me know your opinion. I don't want you to win, as that would probably prevent my matching my horse again." He had, however, reckoned without his host. The jockey selected was neither the knave nor the fool for his purpose. "If," was the spirited answer, "your — wants me to make a losing race of it, you may ride your horse yourself; I am not the man for your turn." I had this anecdote from the jockey, and I know him too well to think it likely he imposed upon me. He declined giving me the name, but the date, and description of the horses, were clue enough.

Suppose this to have been attempted by a member of a club! Or, to put it better, imagine a member of White's suggesting to one of the servants to supply him with a pack of cut cards for a match at *ecarté*, or hinting that it would oblige him if a silver spoon were pilfered for his particular benefit! "Such a thing would be known an hour after it was proposed." Granted—and why? Because the concentration of a club brings facts bearing upon it necessarily into a small compass; they are of interest to a focus which is attracting constantly, and as constantly casting up again. We will throw another shade upon our sketch, and look at it in that light. At the late Doncaster Meeting, an individual, well known at the Corner, lost heavily and *levanted*. Even the public papers, generally impressed with a sense of what is due to society, have cautiously avoided mentioning the name of this fellow, "because his father is a man of respectability and a clergyman." What is likely to become of it? That he will effect some swindling compromise with his victims, and be sent to sin again. I have called it by the mild name of swindling, but it is a much more heinous offence.

The man who calls to you to "stand" runs the hazard of your discharging a pistol into his heart; but he who bets with you, knowing himself without the means of paying should he lose, assures himself of your cash in one event, and of being unharmed in the other. How would this have been, had the perpetrator belonged to a club, or any such society of gentlemen? Either there would have existed, probably, some knowledge of his circumstances that would have acted as a caution to those about speculating with him, or when his delinquency became manifest, care would have been taken that he should not "undo more men."

Would I make the turf the Sport of the higher orders,—do I desire to see it become ultra-refined and exclusive? This is the way in which I might be catechised by those who will not understand my position; I reply, as most convenient, by paraphrase. The design with which our racing originated, and that brought it under the patronage of the Government, was, that it might be a medium for uniting popular profit and pleasure. Its legitimate pursuit fulfilled both those objects. Race Courses became places of highly popular resort, and racing produced a rivalry that was of the most essential service in improving our breed of horses. After a time it occurred to some of those who were employed in its details that it might be made a source of *direct* gain also. Of all that ever attempted it, under that impression, none did so with such prospect of success as the celebrated jockey Samuel Chifney. As a business he had been born and bred to riding,—was the most renowned (and justly) in the world of his calling, and his brother William was the first trainer, in respect to "appliances and means to boot," at Newmarket. Surely there was as fair a start as heart could desire. At the period of his entering upon the career of a master of race-horses, Chifney was known to be a man of substance and on the high road to fortune. I am not here going into a detail of that career: as far as such a thing can be, I believe it was attended with very distinguished success. By Priam alone he could not have netted less than ten thousand pounds. And what is he now? a ruined man—an uncertificated bankrupt! A man of property while a trainer for others, William Chifney went upon the Turf on his own account, and is now undone. It may be said, racing did not do this, but extravagance: it leaves my argument as I could desire even so, though I by no means subscribe to the necessity of any such assistant agent. It took them out of their natural position, placed them in a false one, and then destruction followed.

The experiment so fatal to the Chifneys is now being tried upon an extended scale by another of the well-known jockeys of this out-of-joint era—John Day. His success, so far, has been without parallel. Vulgar report assigns him a confederate of such wealth and station that, if it be the case, we shall never arrive at the result of the actual enterprise. If he has taken the field with such support as public opinion attributes to him, he certainly is to be congratulated, which is more than can be said of his implied noble partner, who, though he may stand in his present league "*sans peur*," he unquestionably does not "*sans reproche*."

At no period since racing became a National Sport in this country was it so pre-eminently popular as the present : never was there so promising an opportunity for purging it of its grossness, and restoring it to its healthy purpose. So long as the present system, as pursued at Tattersall's, continues to influence it, so long must it be obnoxious to monstrous abuse. While a set of notorious knaves are solicited in a manner to take part in its direction, can it be supposed that they will not by every means, fair or foul, seek to influence its economy to suit their own ends? It must be that soon the noble and the principled will emancipate themselves from such an unholy alliance. How long, I ask again, would it be, were the design once taken up in the proper quarter, before a Turf Club could be established in London, that would throw all similar establishments into the shade? Would a single owner of race-horses withhold his subscription from an institution formed for the service of the sport he patronises? I cannot think it. Let there be no limit to the qualification, save such as the laws of society among us make imperative. I would advocate the principle that it be without restriction as to the nature of the games of chance or skill permitted to be introduced. Men should take care of themselves. It would be a ridicule to attempt strait-lacing a society of such a nature. All I hope for and trust in is, that we shall not long be suffered to remain without one place in our Metropolis where gentlemen may meet together, to conduct the business of our noblest national sports, unintruded upon by vulgar impertinence, and safe from the designs of those whose existence depends upon the successful exercise of their knavery.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

By T. W. AVELING. From the Christain Keepsake.

BEFORE the deep blue heavens arose on high ;
 Or e'er the depths of thundering seas were laid ;
 Or glittering stars shone 'mid the curtain'd sky ;
 Or giant mountains flung their lengthen'd shade :
 Before the hosts of heaven, with radiant wings,
 Glorious, were in their shining ranks arrayed ;
 He liv'd—the great First Cause, who all things made.
 And when the heaven-appointed moment brings
 The flaming fire that all created things
 Consumes, and when the drops of Time's deep sea
 Are lost within thy waves, Eternity !
 And Darkness o'er the world her mantle flings ;
 From everlasting, He, with dreaded name,
 T o everlasting, still shall be the same.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

By P. P. THOMS,

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE FIRST PART OF THIS ARTICLE IS A TRANSLATION FROM A WORK THAT TREATS OF THE THREE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

CONFUCIUS was born in the reign of the Emperor Ling-wang (B. C. 563), in the village Kwan-le, near the district Chang-ping of Keuh-fow, of the state Loo, in the province Shan-tung. His ancestors were natives of the state Sung, which formed part of Hoo-pih province. Kung-fang-süh, Confucius's grandfather, left his place of nativity in consequence of the commotion occasioned by a person named Sung-hwa-tih, and repaired to the state Loo, where was born to him a son called Pih-hea. Pih-hea was the father of Süh-leang-yih, whose son was called Mäng-pe, otherwise Pih-ne, who died in infancy. Süh-leang-yih, either in consequence of the death of his wife, or from her becoming sterile, married a person named Yen-she, who bore Confucius on Kang tsze day of the eleventh month of the twenty-first year of Duke SEANG, who presided over the state Loo, which had declared itself independent.

We are informed by tradition, that on the morning of the day when Confucius was born, two dragons were seen playing on the top of the house, and that five immortal beings, who reside in the stars, entered Yen-she's room, and then disappeared. No sooner had they departed than the mother of Confucius heard celestial music, issuing, as it were from the centre of the room, and a voice which said, "We announce the birth of a holy child;" this was succeeded by the music of several instruments. Thus the narrator observes, the birth of the First Holy (Confucius) differed materially from that of ordinary persons; even while a child there was something extraordinary in his appearance. From an indentation on the apex of his head, he obtained the name Kew, "a declivity," and was also called Chung-ne. According to the work Ke-le, Süh-leang-yih, Confucius's father died before the birth of his illustrious son, and was buried at Fang-shang, in the state Loo.

Confucius, during his childhood, was remarkably lively, and fond of playing with a kind of trencher, and the measure tow; and, as he grew up, was particular in observing the established usages in visiting, &c. In the work before us, Confucius is said to have acquired the height of nine Chinese cubits, and to have measured forty-nine inches round the waist, which is twice the height and size of an ordinary Chinese; and that on his breast were the following words,—“Appointed to give precepts that will tranquillize the age.”†

* This paper has been entered at Stationers' Hall, as the annexed "Extract" forms part of an elaborate illustrated History of the early reigns of China, and is a specimen of the author's talent and research. When published, it will be found to be the most extensive work that has yet appeared relating to China.

† The book from which this is translated, not being a standard work, but designed to serve the three prevailing religions, some allowance should be made for a little hyperbole in the first part of the life of Confucius, which will not be required in what follows, taken from the standard history of China. In many instances the works are highly corroborative of each other.

The same work observes, in a kind of Chinese phrenological language, that on turning Confucius's head and observing its form, there was a *flowing*, or placid countenance; a *corner* of the moon with a *fixed* sun was to be seen, &c. When he sat down he was as a dragon (dignified); when he stood up, he resembled the Fung or Phoenix on its legs (stately); his eyes were like clouds (in motion); and when he went forth, he was like the sun (impetuous). His ears hung down like pearls, &c., and he possessed a powerful voice. It is farther remarked, that in the formation of his head he resembled the ancient emperor Tang-yaou; in his forehead, that of Shun; and in the crown of his head, that of Kaou-yaou: thus in him were concentrated the virtues of the ancients:—possessing the knowledge of a divine being, nothing was abstruse to him; he was therefore an able successor to the ancient emperors Füh-he, Tang-yaou, Yu-shun, and Duke Chow.

Confucius had scarcely held an appointment for a year at Chung-too, under Duke Sing, before all the nobles adopted his mode of administering justice. During the ninth year he was called to the government of a city; in the tenth, he was made a Sze-kung officer, an under-minister of state; and in the eleventh, he was exalted to the office of Sze-too, a species of prime minister. In the course of the fourteenth year, he put to death the rebellious minister Shaou-ching-maou, when all the affairs of the state were referred to him. In the short space of three months peace was restored, and so much confidence prevailed that plunder, generally speaking, was not known. Confucius enacted a law requiring men and women to walk on different sides of the road, and that the road should not be given up to the honourable; that is, the poor were not required to make way for their superiors. Such was the confidence inspired by these regulations, that strangers from every quarter repaired to the capital of Loo, as an attendant officer was now unnecessary to ensure them a safe return to their own country. Confucius by his lofty principles of morality and extensive virtues was able to accomplish this important change. Confucius, on resigning his appointment, became the pupil of a person named Sze-seang, of whom he learnt to play on the Kin instrument, and moreover studied the rules of Propriety under Laou-yen; after which he quitted the state Loo for forty years, during which time he visited all the other states of China, inculcating principles of respect on the part of the younger branches of the family to their seniors—reverence from children to their parents—love and affection between husband and wife—and loyalty and fidelity between minister and prince—with other moral and beneficial maxims. In the eleventh year of the reign of Duke Gae, Confucius returned from the state Wei to the state Loo, when he revised and published a new edition of *The She-king** and *Shoo-king*,* and established the

* Choo-foo-tsze in his preface to the *She-king* informs us that “during the early reigns, the sovereigns of China made tours throughout the kingdom, when the poetical productions of the day were collected and submitted to them, the pieces that excelled were recorded. During the two reigns Chaou and Müh this usage was adhered to, but was afterwards discontinued. When owing to commotions the seat of the government was removed to the east of the empire, poetry was no longer cultivated. Confucius lived during this period; but he possessed not the power of influencing the go-

national usages and national music,¹ with the Six Arts: namely, Etiquette, Music, Archery, Driving, Belle-lettres, and Notation. It is said that he was now so delighted with the Yih-king (a metaphysical work), that, by reading it night after night, his copy required thrice to be bound in leather. Having surmounted the difficulties of that ancient work, he communicated at the northern gate of the city its principles to his three thousand disciples, who again diffused them to his 60,000 followers in the different states, among whom were seventy-two persons of eminence.

It is further said, that the ominous animal Ke-ling,* previous to the birth of Confucius, appeared at Keüh-le, when it cast forth a book in which mention was made that "the son of pure water would succeed in restoring tranquillity to the state Chow," which for years had been the scene of great carnage. Yen-she, the mother of Confucius, in her astonishment, seized the animal and bound round one of its horns a piece of embroidery, when at night it disappeared. We are also informed that in the fourteenth year of Gae-kung, Süh-sung-she, Chay-tsze, and Tsoo-shang, repaired to Se-yih to hunt, when they killed a Ke-ling, which was considered an inauspicious omen. Confucius on seeing it said, "Alas! the Ke-ling will never appear again;" and throwing his flowing sleeve over his arm, he shed tears so profusely that they fell on his dress. Süh-sung-she being surprised at the conduct of Confucius, enquired the cause of his grief. The Ke-ling was produced, and Confucius, noticing the embroidery, exclaimed, "My course is run!" Shortly after he was taken ill, but kept his bed only seven days, and died in his seventy-third year, on the Sze-noo day of the fourth month of the sixteenth year of the reign of Duke Shwae, and was buried to the south of the city Loo.

During the following year Duke Gae caused a temple to be raised in honour of him, on the site of the house he had occupied, whither his disciples all repaired, and dwelt in mat sheds erected around the temple, mourning for three years the death of their great teacher. At the expiration of that time, after offering sacrifice to the manes of the departed, with weeping, they all returned to their habitations, except Tsze-kung, who remained six years and then returned to his family. In the temple, besides a tablet in honour of Confucius, was placed his wardrobe, his Kin and Sih musical instruments, his library, and also his carriage. Here his disciples with the inhabitants constantly repair

vernment to admonish the slothful—repress the froward—degrade the vicious—and to promote the virtuous. When he compiled the She-king, he excluded repetition and corrected what was not expressive.—Sentiments that were not adequate to form a precept, and those that had a vicious tendency, and did not afford a warning, were by him laid aside. Here the student and lover of antiquity obtains information with regard to the virtues and vices of the ancients. Here a virtuous man finds a preceptor, the profligate character motives to change his mode of living. The laws of poetry then laid down, though not adopted, have since become models for ten thousand ages; thus the odes of that age afford instruction to the present day."—*Choo-fao-tsze*.

The Shoo-king is a very valuable work. It contains the sayings and many of the speeches and other documents of the early sovereigns of China. Chinese history is greatly indebted to this compilation.

* This animal is often spoken of in early history as appearing on occasions of great national prosperity.

to worship; hence it is a proverbial saying that Confucius's temple is never without worshippers.

The emperor Kaou-tsoo of the Han Dynasty (B. C. 189), on visiting the state Loo, repaired to the temple and sacrificed several whole animals to Confucius, when he bestowed on him the posthumous title of "The Most Holy King Wän-seuen." The ode says,

"Behold the splendour of that temple,
Where the virtuous and holy are revered!—
The dignity of his cap and dress are such,
That the devout cannot but worship.

The sovereign of Han, revering the scholar,
In state repaired to the village to worship,
When he offered splendid sacrifices,
Which for ages will never be surpassed."

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT OCCURS IN THOM'S MANUSCRIPT HISTORY
OF THE EARLY REIGNS OF CHINA, TRANSLATED FROM
AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

CONFUCIUS, as we have before stated, was born at the state Loo,* in the province Shang-tung, during the 21st year of the emperor Ling-wang. He was contemporary with Pythagoras, and prior to the days of Socrates. Confucius had two brothers younger than himself; one was named Tsze-loo and the other Tsze-yô, who are afterwards spoken of as his disciples. The emperor Ling-wang died during the 25th year of his reign, and was succeeded by the emperor King-wang. At the age of fifteen Confucius devoted himself to study. In the thirteenth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius was appointed a Wei-she officer, or keeper of grain. The historian remarks, he submitted to receive this menial appointment because he was poor. He married when only nineteen years old, and had a son whom he named Le-yu, 'Carp fish!' in consequence of Chaou-kung, the duke of Loo, sending him a present of carp. He was next appointed a Sze-chih-le officer, a kind of commissary, having charge of cattle and grain. In the course of his twenty third year, Confucius left the state Loo, and repaired to the Imperial capital, being desirous of making himself acquainted with the principles of the ancient governments of the dynasties Hea and Yin, foreseeing that anarchy and strife would ere long prevail at Loo. Tranquillity having been restored, Confucius, it is mentioned, was the following year again at Loo, whence during the 11th month of the same year he repaired to the state Tse, when Duke King questioned him respecting government, to which he replied, "A prince should act as a prince, a minister as a minister, a father as a father, and a son as a son." The duke responded, "Excellent;" and added, "To be considered a prince, yet in conduct not a prince; a minister, yet not a minister; a father, yet not a father; a son, yet not a son; what would it avail me even were I certain of my appointment for life!" While at Tse, Confucius was so delighted with the music of that state, that he remarked, "For three months I have disregarded the flavour of the meat I have eaten, not

* In the "Memoire des Chinois," Confucius is represented as a man of colour. This is by no means probable, as Shan-tung is on the north-east part of China.

conceiving that music could be brought to such perfection." In the tenth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius left the state Tse and returned to Loo. The late king of Loo, with the rulers of several other states, were now under the necessity of seeking shelter in one state after another. When Confucius again left Loo, Duke King a second time questioned him concerning government, upon which Confucius replied, "In governing well, economy is essential." The Duke, delighted with Confucius, was desirous of bestowing on him the land called Ne-yü, but the minister Gan-ying objected to the measure. On another occasion Duke King was desirous of uniting him to a distinguished female, probably a relative; but Confucius declined the courtesan offer, and under the plea of age requested to return to his native village. The contemporary historian remarks how lamentable it was that Duke King should have been unable to employ Confucius in his government, owing to political strife and extravagance. It would appear that the whole nation at this time was in a highly excited state, there being no less than eighteen independent states.

Confucius, during the fourteenth year of King-wang, having disengaged himself from state affairs, compiled, or rather revised, the *SHE-KING*, and wrote the *LE-KE*, as well as an *ESSAY ON MUSIC*. The *She-king* consists of four parts; viz. National Odes; Lesser and Greater Elegant Extracts, in verse, and Eulogies. It is said that he threw up his appointment in consequence of the haughtiness of the minister Letsun, with the insurrection occasioned by Yang-hoo; when on returning home he compiled these works. The *Le-ke* work treats of the Etiquette due from one state to another—from inferiors to superiors—and of the rites and ceremonies of worship—as well as of domestic arrangements. To the *Le-ke* work, and the triennial examination of the literati, it is probable that the Chinese are indebted for that one-ness of mind, and those prevailing customs throughout so vast an empire. Indeed if we consider the benefit that has resulted, and will still accrue to the Chinese from the writings of Confucius, we can scarcely sufficiently appreciate those occurrences, by no means uncommon, whereby persons of opposite dispositions are brought in contact; who, by not coalescing, separate, as in the case of the ministers of Duke King and Confucius, whereby the latter enters on an achievement that tends to renovate a people—crowning him with honours, which shall endure to the latest posterity.

During the nineteenth year of King-wang, Dukes Shan-pü-h-noo and Fei-pwan sent for Confucius, requiring him to repair to Peih-kwō. The *Lun-yu* thus relates the circumstance: "A misunderstanding existing between the governors, the matter was referred to Confucius, who was desirous of proceeding to the appointed place. His pupil Tsze-loo advising him said, 'Not so; wherefore should you wait on them?' Confucius replied, 'They have sent for me, why should I not proceed? Having employment for me, why should I not serve them as I did at Tung-chow? Although Fei-pwan be not powerful, yet the people are numerous. I am therefore intent on proceeding to Peih-kwō, that I may diffuse correct principles.'"

When the sovereign of Loo appointed Confucius a *Chung-too-tsae* minister, the latter, among other measures, directed his attention to

devise plans for preserving the lives of the people, and to ensure the interment of the dead. It was at this time he enacted his celebrated law, by which the young eat apart from those of a mature age; women walk apart from the men; the dead lie interred among the hills in coffins that are four inches thick, the brick work of the vault or grave being five inches thick. It is stated that before a year elapsed these reformative measures were adopted by all the nobles of the several states. But, when they were first proposed, the Duke of Loo asked "what were to be the results of such a system?" Confucius replied, "If peace is to be given to the empire, why should it not commence with the state Loo?" The measure thus introduced by Confucius is doubtless the origin of the existing custom of women eating, nay, living, apart from the other branches of the family, as well as walking alone when they visit their friends in cases of sickness or weddings, or when on special occasions they repair to the temples, which is seldom. The wealthier classes repair in sedan-chairs. The etiquette requiring the junior branches of the family to wait till their elder brothers commence eating, may have tended considerably to establish that respect for seniority which in well-conducted families has attracted the attention of many Europeans.

About this time, in consequence of a father and son criminating each other, Confucius threw the son into prison for three months. The father interceded for his son. The magistrate Le-tsun at first paid no attention to his entreaties. Pih-shwō, another magistrate, remarked, "If you do not desist importuning, the Sze-kow (Confucius) will consider himself insulted." When Confucius was personally applied to, he replied, "In the national house nothing is so important as filial respect. Once I put a person to death that I might teach the people filial piety. What! and would you forgive such a rebellious son! Those that will not enforce the principles of filial respect, nor listen to it, ought to suffer imprisonment, and even death."

During the twenty-third year of King-wang, Confucius was appointed prime-minister of the state Loo. The historian Seuentsze observes, "Confucius within seven days of his appointment put the minister Shaou-ching-maou to death." His disciples interrogating him said, "Shaou-ching-maou being a native of Loo, and a person of note, and you having but just commenced your administration, have you not erred in putting him to death?" Confucius replied, "There are five classes of wicked persons, amongst whom the plunderer is not included: the first of those comprehends persons who will have their own way, let the consequences be what they may; the second is a class of persons who will pertinaciously adhere to any notion they may have entertained; the third includes those who, knowing what they have asserted to be false, will defend it as if it were true; the fourth may be denoted a class of persons who, remembering the failings of others, take pleasure in publishing them to their injury; and the fifth is a class of persons that will associate with those who are known to be disaffected, till they imbibe their principles. Of these five classes, the fifth is that to which no lenity should be shown, but they should suffer capitally by the decree of

the prince. With such Shaou-ching-maou associated. In his native place he assembled the people and addressed them with artful and declamatory harangues, whereby they were deceived. Ought he not therefore to be slain! For a similar cause the emperor Ching-tang put Yen-choo to death, as an example which was followed by Wán-wang, Fan-ching, and many other princes."

Shortly after Confucius had been appointed prime-minister of Loo, the sovereign of Tse proposed sending New-yö, a beautiful woman, as a present to the sovereign of that state; about which time Confucius threw up his appointment and repaired to the state Wei. The modern editions of the *Le-ke* state, "That the sovereign of Tse, learning of Confucius's appointment to the government of Loo, which bordered on that of Tse, became afraid that he would encroach on his territory, and was therefore intent on war. One Le-choo proposed that an attempt should be made on his life. But fearing that in this they might not succeed, it was decided that eighty of the most beautiful women of the state Tse, dressed in elegant apparel, accompanied by music, and riding on horseback, should be sent as a present to the sovereign of Loo and his ministers. When the cavalcade arrived at the southern gate, the minister Le-hwan-tsze saw them in private, and afterwards received New-yö into his own mansion. This circumstance led that minister to neglect his official duties. Confucius, knowing the object the sovereign of Tse had in view when he sent the above-described present, or foreseeing the impossibility of establishing good and wholesome measures, threw up his appointment and retired." The work *Tsëen-pëen* observes, that "Confucius was now more than fifty years of age, and was revered by all the *literati* throughout the empire. We are moreover informed, that Le-hwan-tze having received New-yö, and refusing to repair to court, it became expedient that Confucius should withdraw and secrete himself."

During the twenty-fourth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius was under the necessity of quitting the state Wei, and repairing to that of Chen, whence, fearing the haughty Yang-hoo and others, he returned to Wei. In the following year Confucius proceeded to the state Tsaou. In the ninth month of that year he left Tsaou and visited the states Sung, Ching, and Chen. In the state Sung it was his custom to sit in the open air under a large tree, and give his instructions, till Hwan-kwei, the Sze-ma officer, attempted to kill him, probably for reprobating his conduct. When Confucius left that state, his disciples asked, "Wherefore quit so precipitately?" Confucius replied, "Heaven having endowed me with virtue and noble principles, what would not Hwan-kwei do to me?" In the twenty-seventh year of the reigning emperor, Confucius left the state Ching and returned to Wei; then he repaired to Chen. In the twenty-ninth year he left Chen for Tse. The *Tsëen-pëen* remarks, "As Confucius could not enter any state which was subject to restrictions, the same impracticability presented itself in those parts where any commotion prevailed; he therefore thought of returning to his native state Loo, for Duke Ling, governor of the state Wei, was a man void of principle." From the situation of the several states, Confucius must have travelled over the whole of China, or very nearly so.

During the thirty-first year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius, while residing at Tso-yě, in the state Tse, received an envoy from the people of Tsoo, inviting him to come and dwell among them—an invitation he did not fail to accept. The prince of Tsoo dying in the seventh month of that year, Confucius repaired to Wei. In the thirty-fifth year, Confucius visited Chen, whence he repaired again to Wei. During the thirty-sixth year the state Tse made war on the state Loo. In the autumn of this year Confucius repaired to his native state. The Tso-she work records, "That the people of Loo sent presents to Confucius, and entreated him to return and dwell among them." The Le-ke thus accounts for the cause of his return: The leaders Yen-yew and Le-kang-tsze were opposing the forces of Tse. Le-kang-tsze asked of whom he had learnt his plan of attack? Yen-yew replied, "That he had learnt it from Confucius." Le-kang-tsze replied, "What if I send for Confucius?" The other observed, "If you send for him, none but despicable persons will offer resistance;" whereupon Le-kang-tsze, Chüh-kung, Hwa-kung, and Pin-kung bought presents, which they sent to Confucius, and requested his return to his native state Loo, with which solicitation he complied.

The Le-ke further observes, "That when the governor of Loo was unable to employ Confucius in his government, on account of intrigue and other causes, Confucius did not solicit to be retained. At this time the power of the Emperor of China was merely nominal. The ancient usages and customs with its music, owing to the civil wars which had rent the empire into petty states, had nearly passed away, and its odes were neglected. To remedy this evil, Confucius collected all the materials that he could from the time of the emperors Füh-he, Shin-nung, and Hwang-te to his own day. From selections from these materials the works before mentioned, we are told, were compiled; which, the historian adds, "will remain a lasting monument of his industry, extensive mind, and correct feelings." ¶

During the thirty-ninth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius wrote the CHUN-TSEW history (Spring and Autumn, as its name implies, having commenced it in spring and finished it in autumn). Mäng-tsze (or Mencius), alluding to this work, says, "At a period when the correct principles of justice and benevolence were not to be mentioned—when infidelity boldly walked forth—when the minister put his sovereign to death—and the son killed his parent—Confucius, smitten with astonishment, wrote the work Chun-tsew (the Affairs of Governors and Emperors)." Confucius, on completing the work, remarked, that "those who wished to know his political principles must read the Chun-tsew, for it was calculated to make the tyrant tremble." To the European reader, this work would appear little more than a list of princes who presided over various states, which they or their predecessors had declared independent of the imperial authority, with an account of their short reigns and violent deaths, &c. As it was written when the civil war prevailed, and when states and princes changed their names as well as their policy, the Chun-sew history has been invaluable to the statesman and to the historian. In praise of this work it has been remarked, "That the

Divine Yu, in dispersing of the waters of the deluge saved the lives of thousands ; but Confucius, by compiling the Chun-tsew has established a law, *a right of hereditary descent*, whereby the lives of millions will be preserved." During the short period of which it treats, no less than twenty-six rulers were murdered by the people, and fifty-six nobles perished or fled, being unable to govern the state over which they presided.



[The above Engraving represents Confucius explaining the six classical works to his disciple.]

On the 12th of the 4th month of the 41st year of the emperor King-

wang, died **THE HOLY AND ILLUSTRIOUS CONFUCIUS**, aged seventy-three years, in the state Loo. The Le-ke informs us that Confucius rose early, and on taking his walking-stick, he began to tremble as he approached the door. He then repeated the following lines :—

“ Oh! the great mountain is falling,
Oh! the main beam is breaking,—
The wise man is but a faded leaf!”

Shortly after he re-entered his room and sate down. His disciple Tsze-kung hearing him utter the above lines, replied as follows :—

“ Since the great mountain is falling, I will come and gaze ;
While the main beam is breaking, shall I not seek a crook ?
If the wise man be as a leaf, shall I not afford him support ?”

Confucius now felt himself ill, and it would appear that he entered his disciple's room with a hasty step, and said in a remonstrating tone, “ Wherefore are you so long coming ? When How-she of the Hea dynasty was taken ill, and was at the top of the Lung-kae apartments, her attendants were with her in an instant.”

Confucius expired after seven days' illness, and was buried at Pih-sze, near the city Loo. He was followed to the grave by all the eminent *literati*, and most of the inhabitants of the city of Loo ; who yearly offer sacrifice to him. At his sacred tomb, all who aspire to literary eminence repair to show their respect to his great virtues, as well as all those who exercise the bow, when the latter drink to his memory. It is said that his grave is exactly a Chinese mile from the city, and that one hundred Chinese acres of land are assigned to it by the government, the greater part of which is probably as a guarantee that it shall be kept in repair. The grave, or rather the wall that encloses it, is twelve Chinese cubits or fourteen English feet high. The tablet in front, which records the name of Confucius, is made of tiles, and is six cubits high. From the grave the earth is sloped off, where a hundred trees are planted, sent by governors of different states—each tree being peculiar to the soil over which the respective chiefs presided. Beyond the enclosure, and intended as a fence, are planted numerous trees that bear excellent fruit. Neither the thorn nor any shrub that would injure a person is allowed to grow there.

The Lew-joo remarks, “ That since the days of Füh-he there have been many sovereigns who possessed wisdom and who governed well, and whose names have been transmitted to posterity ; but that for a thousand years to come we may not expect any one who shall resemble Confucius. The prince, the minister, the father, the son, the man of integrity and justice, may therefore extol his doctrines, while the most uncivilized of our neighbouring states cannot withhold from him their tribute of praise.”

In later periods the works of this eminent man have received that attention which they justly merited. His writings, and those of his disciples who record his sayings, are to the Chinese in a moral view what the sacred Scriptures are to Christians. A thorough acquaintance with his works, a knowledge of the Four Books,* and the princi-

* The writer of the Life of Confucius in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is in an error when he states that the Four Books are the writings of Confucius. The Ta-heö, the first of the Four Books, was written by Tsäng-tsze, and treats of self-government, the possession of which enables a prince to govern virtuously. The Second Book is entitled Chung-Yung, “ The Great Medium,” and was written by Tsze-sze ; it points out the moral and

ples they maintain, may raise the peasant to the highest offices in the state; hence they are used in schools, and are the text books for all the triennial examinations throughout the empire. Divine honours have been bestowed on meritorious individuals, in Europe and elsewhere, but few or none have been so highly eulogized as Confucius. He, in every province, in every city, in every district, in every hamlet, and in almost every house for upwards of two thousand years, has had a temple or altar raised to him; and before it have bowed all the sovereigns that have reigned since his day, and the learned and virtuous of every succeeding age. As the circle occasioned by the agitation of the water gradually extends the more widely, so does the renown of Confucius increase, as his fame is handed down, and is literally, as his admirers say, "A model for ten thousand ages."

Since the days of Confucius the religious sects of Taou and Shih have been instituted, but all who profess letters in China revere "The most holy Confucius." The founder of the Han dynasty, in consequence of repairing to the temple of Confucius, offering sacrifice, with genuflections and incense, bestowed on him the posthumous title of "the Most Holy King Wän-seuen," which may be rendered, "the Most Holy Intellectual King." According to the Shing-Maou-



che, there are upwards of fifteen hundred and sixty state temples, where

virtuous duties which are required of every statesman. The Third Book is the *Lun-yu*, and contains the sayings and maxims of Confucius and the ancient sages; and the Fourth Book is by Mäng-tsze or Mencius, which contains many very beautiful aphorisms with much that relates to the ancient as well as the then existing government.

sacrifices are regularly offered to Confucius in Spring and Autumn. Before these temples the civil and military officers of the government never pass without alighting and entering, and offering incense; neither do they dare pass the temple in their sedan-chairs. Of the seventy-two disciples, and three thousand followers, there were four more eminent than the rest, whose names are Yen-tsze, Hwuy-tsze, Tsze-sze, and Mǎng-tsze. These were much beloved by their great master, and were the compilers of the "Four Books" of Confucius. Their names are placed in pairs on each side of the inscription. The centre column signifies "The Altar of the God Kung-foo-tsze (Confucius), the greatly perfect and most Holy King Wǎn-seuen."* On the right are the names Yen-tsze, Hwuy-tsze; on the left Tsze-sze and Mǎng-tsze, mentioned above. This is the tablet worshipped by all the *literati*, who, with the monarch, before they enter the temple, bathe, and fast for three days. On entering, they offer incense and make prostrations; they then pour out libations of tea, and again make prostrations so as to touch the ground with their foreheads; after which they offer whole animals, such as sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, articles of confectionery, and all kinds of fruit, which are placed before the altar. On these occasions the emperor is attended by sixty-four musicians, who play while he prostrates himself, and is assisted by other persons in offering gold and silver paper, made in the form of houses, boats, clothes, attendants, &c., which are burnt, and are supposed to pass into the other state for the use of the departed. The ministers of state and officers of the government make the same kind of offerings, but are only allowed, according to their rank, either forty or thirty-two musicians with other persons to assist them. The *literati*, who have not acquired rank, when they worship, are not allowed to offer animal sacrifice, but merely paper offerings, with libations of tea, and are attended, whatever may be their wealth, by only sixteen musicians. There is no literary person throughout China who does not worship Confucius.

The *literati* are not by law restricted to worship Confucius only, but adore many gods. The emperor in autumn also offers worship in behalf of himself and the nation to T'een and Te, "Heaven and Earth," a ceremony which he performs on a raised altar in the open air, attended by the whole court. The nobles worship the mountains, rivers, and the produce of the earth, such as grain, &c., these having been created, or being the principal works of creation, by Yüeh-te, "The

* The first Romish priests that entered China, allowing their converts to offer incense to Confucius, and repair the tombs of their ancestors, and to present to them offerings with libations, made numerous converts. It was said, by other priests, who succeeded them, that these converts differed nothing from the idolatrous Chinese. The pope of Rome being referred to respecting the future discipline of the church, instructions were issued that a stricter conformity to the principles of Christianity should be observed. This leading to a misunderstanding among the priests, the one party referring all matters of dispute to the pope of Rome, and the other to the emperor of China,—the latter finding that the dissatisfied party and the pope laid down laws for his people, instantly issued an order for suppressing the Catholic religion in his empire;—a persecution ensued, hundreds were imprisoned, and the priests were compelled to quit the country. Though there are Roman catholics in China, there are few who do not venerate the name of Confucius, and pay annual respect to his ancestors. But no European priest since that time has been allowed to enter the country.

Almighty." There is an officer appointed to make a triennial sacrifice to the mountains and rivers. The officers of government, the gentry, and the people are by custom restricted to worship the gods Heuenteen, "Supreme Ruler, in heaven;" "Imperial and Queen Earth;" "Yüeh-wang and Tung-hwa," who are styled emperors; the ancient worthies, as they term Shin-nung, Hwang-te, and their immediate successors; also the holy Kaou-tsoo, the founder of the Han-dynasty. It is remarkable that in all this religious ceremony there is no confession of sin—it is merely propitiatory worship.*

To return: Confucius, like Aristotle, restricted his notions to three practical studies; viz. Ethics, Policy, and Economy. Of the first of these principles, the *Le-ke* is a very extensive and valuable work to the Chinese themselves, and has greatly tended, as we have before remarked, to make them a people of one mind; while the other writings of Confucius (not to mention the Four Books written by his disciples, containing his sayings, and in which a system of political policy is advocated) also inculcate the necessity of subordination, whether it be that of wealth, or mind, or age. This doctrine being once established, the right of the monarch to govern according to correct principles is a necessary inference; consequently a disloyal subject is an undutiful subject; and this appellation in the *Shing-yu*, a work written by the emperor YUNG-CHING, is applied to all classes of persons who strive to defeat the civil law, based on Confucius's principles of respect for the powers that are appointed. The *Ta-heö*, one of the Four Books, has the following passage: "The excellence of a prince consists in being pre-eminently benevolent; that of a minister, in respect for his prince; that of a child, in dutifulness to his parent; that of a parent, in an affectionate regard for his child; and the utmost excellence of a member of society consists in fidelity." The principle of subjection and deference is thus farther illustrated: "If an entire family possess benevolence, a nation may become benevolent; when disorder exists in a family, a whole nation may become disorderly. When a man covets to be cruel, a whole nation is thrown into anarchy. Thus, while the emperors Yaou and Shun governed the empire with just principles, the people imitated them; but when the sovereigns Këë and Chow ruled over the empire with cruelty, the people in their manners became cruel and licentious; and when afterwards they were required to do that which was contrary to what they had been taught to love, the people refused to comply. If, therefore, a prince seek for pleasure and gratification, and should hereafter need help from those who are not allowed their pleasure and gratification,—would he have the help of the people? To govern a nation well, you must be able to govern well a family. From this it is evident that the actions of one man may decide the fate of a nation." Again, "As wealth enables one to adorn and render

* The Rev. John Harris, of Epsom, has remarked, "The Chinese are in appearance all idolaters—in reality all Atheists,—to whom all truth is a fable—and all virtue a mystery." While we admit that the Chinese are idolaters, we by no means subscribe to their being considered a nation of Atheists. A people that offers worship to the presiding spirit of rivers and mountains, to the departed, to the heavens and the earth, and the ruling powers therein, may be considered Polytheists, but not Atheists. We think also that the above life will show that they do not consider that "all truth is fable," nor "all virtue a mystery."

comfortable a mansion ; so virtue, when possessed, adorns and benefits one's person. When the heart is enlarged by virtue, the person enjoys rest—it is thus that the eminently good man realizes his wishes." Speaking of himself, Confucius has remarked, "There are four things which give me great uneasiness ; 1st.—That I have made so little progress in virtue ; 2nd.—That I did not more intensely prosecute my studies ; 3rd.—That I am not more active in disseminating virtuous principles ; and 4th.—That I am not daily more watchful over my own heart and actions."

"Though Confucius was survived by only a grandson, the succession has continued through sixty-seven or sixty-eight generations to the present day, in the district where their great ancestor was born. The heads of the family have enjoyed the rank of nobility ; and in the time of the emperor Kang-he, 1820, the number of descendants amounted to eleven thousand males."

In conclusion it may not be improper to remark, that Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mohammed, are undoubtedly the three most distinguished men who have acquired great veneration in Asia, and who have been worshipped after their death. Zoroaster may be considered the lawgiver of the ancient Persians, Confucius the moral philosopher of the Chinese, and Mohammed the most successful of the three, the martial and religious leader of the Asiatic Osmanlis.

It is also worth noticing, that, while Confucius was by his virtue, example, and instructions, forwarding morals and happiness in China, Pythagoras was establishing a philosophical school at Crotona, and spreading civilization and prosperity amongst his contemporaries. But, what seems truly wonderful is, that about the same epoch that Confucius put to death Shaou-ching-maou in consequence of his oppressing and demoralizing the people, Brutus was at the head of the Romans destroying monarchical despotism and immorality in Italy.

A RAMBLE IN PARIS BY NIGHT,

WRITTEN FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

BY A FRENCH AUTHOR OF CELEBRITY.

READER, it is to the Statistical Society I must first introduce you. This is the third Tuesday in the month; and as the debates are invariably amusing, if not always absolutely instructive, I seldom fail to attend the meeting, which is held in a handsome apartment in the Place Vendôme.

The debates had already commenced when I entered the room; and the Secretary was employed in reading the *proces-verbal* of the transactions of the Society at the previous meeting. The Duke de Montmorenci was in the chair. He is a man of a tall and robust form, florid countenance, and aristocratic mien—a true specimen of the *noblesse* of the old *regime*. On the right hand of that distinguished personage sat the Duke de Doudeauville, an ancient and faithful follower of Charles the Tenth. Though decorated with all the honours of Europe, he wore nothing at his button-hole save the ribbon that denoted the order of Saint Louis. It would have perhaps exemplified better taste, and a greater respect for the “powers that be,” had his Grace condescended to have worn the cross of the Legion of Honour. The Duke de Doudeauville is an old man of about sixty-five, with a long face, diminutive figure, infirm appearance, and somewhat vacant look. He is, however, a man of erudition and considerable natural ability, and entertains a high sense of the importance of rank, talent, and wealth, in every community.

On the left hand of the Duke de Montmorenci was seated M. César Moreau, founder of the Statistical Society, and formerly French Consul in London; and immediately opposite to him was Count Legrand, one of the handsomest and most gentlemanly men I have ever had the felicity of being acquainted with. Next to him was M. Julien de Paris, an individual well known in the times of the Revolution and during the reign of Terror as a young man of great promise and humane disposition, and as an *employé* in the military administration under Robespierre. He is now celebrated as one of the most eminent of the French *litterati*; and it was he who, in conjunction with M. Amaury Duval, founded the *Revue Encyclopedique*, a model of taste, utility, and learning. Oh! what secrets could that man divulge—secrets intimately connected with Saint-Just, Robespierre, Danton, Carrier, Fouquier Tinville, &c.,—secrets that would haply cast a new light on the minds and actions of those celebrated individuals, and perhaps by demonstrating the purity of the intentions of Robespierre, rescue his name from a portion of that obloquy which posterity casts upon it,—secrets that might prove the real humanity of his disposition, although his deeds be written with a quill dipped in blood,—secrets calculated to demonstrate that which in France is still a theory relative to the enormities, committed during the Directory, to produce an eventual good!

Nov. 1837

2 II

Next to M. Jullien de Paris I noticed the Marquis St. Croix. The editors of some of the leading journals, and a number of noblemen and gentlemen occupied the seats usually filled by the members of the Committee of Management, amongst whom I at length recognised my friend Duclin, who immediately made room for me next to him.

As I had anticipated, a lively discussion took place on the propriety of admitting ladies to the debates of the society. The Count Legrand had some time previously given notice that he intended to bring forward a measure for the purpose of expelling those fair beings from that scientific congress; and M. César Moreau strenuously opposed the design, declaring that many valuable pieces of information relative to statistics had been at various times communicated to the journal published by the society, such contributions having emanated from the fair hands of those ladies whom M. Legrand was desirous to exclude from the meeting. To this the count assented; but he begged to inform the honourable members present, that his objections were founded solely on motives of delicacy and propriety, the debates often touching on matters the particulars of which could not be otherwise than offensive to female ears. Neither Duclin nor myself ventured a remark upon the subject. We could not see the extent of the importance that both parties appeared to attach to the result of the debate. Messieurs Jullien de Paris, St. Croix, and a few others, nevertheless delivered their opinions; and the discussion terminated in favour of the founder of the Society and his party.

The Count Legrand then read a paper to the meeting, giving a long account of the number of eggs hatched every year in France, the quantity consumed in the country, and the exact proportion exported to England for the consumption of her Britannic Majesty's loyal subjects!

An individual, with whose name I am not acquainted, then rose, and addressed the meeting as follows: "Gentlemen, I have lately returned from prosecuting my travels in the East; and amongst other improvements adopted by the Persians, nothing so much astonished me as the newspaper they have lately published by the permission of the Centre of the Universe, or King! A trifling portion of that journal is devoted to European affairs; and under the head FRANCE, I perused the following words: 'France is an immense tract of country on the western coast of Europe, inhabited by about thirty millions of infidels, who exist in a strange state of uncleanness and barbarism. They dwell in small hamlets, and their chief town is called Paris. Their women walk about unveiled; they drink a sort of red sour wine, which appears to be greatly in vogue amongst them, and eat the unclean animal. Their soldiers are somewhat more celebrated than the other warriors of Europe; but they are not to be compared to the legions that adore the Centre of the Universe. It is not long since they languished under the tyranny of one Buonaparte, of whose might they speak highly; but the might of European heroes is nothing to the might of the Schah. The French have a few ships, and they are at present making war in Africa against the true believers;

but the shaft of the Mohammedan shall pierce the breast of the infidel. Their chief produce is sour wine and strong drinks, which their foolish neighbours do not hesitate to pay highly for; but, with regard to the luxuries of life, they never saw any thing to equal the repasts of the Persians, even in the visions of the night.' "

A shout of laughter, which the president did not for some moments attempt to repress, succeeded this account of the greatest nation in the world—an account dictated by prejudice, conceived in ignorance, and written with a degree of insolent pride that rather excited our pity than our contempt.

When order was restored, another member informed us "that the fourteen largest gin-shops in the English metropolis had been visited in one week by 142,453 men, 108,593 women, 18,391 children!—in all, by 269,437 persons."

Another gentleman read a paper on education, in which he assured us "that there are at present in France 43,951 primary schools, at which 2,453,254 children, two-thirds of whom are boys, are educated."

"The owner of a *menagerie* of wild beasts," said Duclin in a whisper to me, "has lately calculated, that if all the ferocious animals which are now confined in Europe were let loose in an immense forest, there would be 225 lions, 289 tigers, 302 leopards, 270 panthers, 67 elephants, 10 rhinoceroses, 27,000 wolves, 78 rattle-snakes, 216 boa-constrictors, 1040 hyenas, and 96 crocodiles. Shall I read my statement to the society?"

"I think it scarcely worth while, Duclin," said I; "particularly as M. de — is about to speak."

"The amount of dramatic *artistes* in France," said M. de —, in the course of a clever paper, "is 4000; this includes singers, dancers, tragedians, and comedians, of either sex. The complement of stage-managers, directors, cashiers, prompters, band-leaders, choristers of every class, *figurans*, musicians, box-keepers, and workmen, added to this number, forms a total amount of 11,000 persons who gain their livelihood by theatres."

Some papers of inferior interest having been disposed of, the meeting broke up at an unusually early hour.

From the Statistical Society, Duclin and myself ventured forth "in search of adventures." We passed up the Rue de la Paix, and gained the Boulevards, which were crowded with people of every description. The idler smoking his cigar, and peering at every female he met through an eye-glass; the courtesan, plying her precarious and disgusting *metier* at the corner of the street; the worthy citizen with his wife or children hastening to the theatre; the lover anxiously awaiting the arrival of his mistress at the point of *rendez-vous*; the itinerant venders of lemonade or liquorice-water; the moveable pastry-shop, offering *galette* for sale to the milliners or *grisettes* who were returning home from their daily toil; the crowds opposite the *cafés*, discussing ices, or drinking punch on one side, and beer or the *petit verre* on the other; the *charlatan* endeavouring to puff off his tooth-powder or his pills to a little congregation he had gathered around him; the old procuress, skulking in a dark recess

and awaiting some one who had appointed to meet her there for no honourable purpose ; the clerks just dismissed from the offices of their excellencies the ministers of Justice, Finance, Foreign affairs, &c., and carrying under their arms a portfolio containing a few quires of paper they had quietly abstracted from the government supplies of stationery ; the hackney-coachman seeking a fare ; the postman with the evening delivery of letters ; the newsman with the *Charte* or the *Messenger* ; and a variety of other gentlemen, artists, &c. &c., formed the motley crowd of individuals whom we encountered on the Boulevards, whose parallels were encountered there fifty years ago, and will be encountered there again. In Paris of an evening all is life, light, energy, activity, and joy. The *cafés* are filled with gaily-dressed people ; the doors of the theatres are crowded to excess ; a multitude is seen at the entrance of every place of amusement. And then the works of Alexandre Dumas, Cassimir Delavigne, Scribe, Jouy, Alfred de Vigny, &c., are put into requisition. The Gymnase, the Variétés, the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, echo to the applauses of an admiring audience : tragedy, comedy, the melodrama, and the vaudeville, the opera and the comic-opera, all find their respective votaries by night in Paris. The *grisette* eats vegetables and drinks sour wine in order to save a few *sous* to obtain a seat in the gallery at the Gaité ; the honest shop-keeper on Sunday morning deprives himself of a trip of recreation to Montmorenci or Saint Cloud, that he may go to the Porte Saint Martin in the evening ; and the rich banker leaves his counting-house half an hour earlier than is his custom, once every week, that he may finish his dinner in time to accompany his elegantly-attired spouse to the opera or to Bouffes. The Parisians are mad after the theatre ; and when they gratify themselves with their favourite pastime, they little think of the hours of trouble, toil, and vigil, which the composition of one of their favourite pieces compels the poor author to undergo.

I will not here speak of those privations and sufferings which the unfortunate dramatist is often necessitated to submit to—nor of those nights passed in labour—nor of those days marked by hunger and want—nor of those disappointments which it is the lot of every author to encounter—nor of those difficulties he is condemned to combat against. I will simply relate the affecting and tragical end of two young men who destroyed themselves in despair, in disgust, in the midst of disappointed hopes, in an excess of cowardice or false heroism, or in a moment of temporary derangement—a tale which I shall repeat as I told it to my companion Duclin, while we sauntered up the Boulevard des Italiens—a tale that was recalled to my memory by the sight of the crowds thronging opposite the doors of the Variétés.

“Victor Escousse and Auguste Lebras were two young authors, who formed a literary partnership, and composed their plays together. A few days after the representation of their first essay in the dramatic world, an article appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, signed J. J.,*

* Jules Janin—one of the most eminent literary characters of the present day, and at this moment engaged in writing for the *Athenæum*.—EDITOR.

which traced for the authors a horoscope full of promise and future renown. Encouraged by the flattering review of their mutual work, a review that was written by the first of French critics, in the first of French journals, the two young men dreamt of nothing but happiness, success, fortune, and fame. Too much adulation turned their heads, and impeded the progressive improvement of their infant faculties. They renewed their labours, and composed a piece entitled *Pierre III.*, which was played at the Theatre Français, and completely failed, the public having given Escousse and Lebras a favourable trial in a second effusion, and expressed their disappointment in terms so unequivocal that the young authors became disgusted with their judges and the decision of the critics. They however again appeared before that severely-thinking world, and produced *Paul*, which was enacted at the theatre on the Place de la Bourse, and *Remond*, which was performed at the Gaité. They both failed on the same evening; and if you had that night chanced to have entered the café de la Porte Saint Martin, you would have seen two young men seated at a table, their countenances pale, their shouts of laughter wild, feverish, and convulsive. They were dressed in mean attire; they had expected that the next morning would have amended their fortunes; but all their hopes were blighted in the bud. Those two young men were Victor Escousse and Auguste Lebras. They were proud—they were gentlemen—they were in want—and they disdained the idea of accepting from the hands of charity that which they could not procure by their own united talents. Lebras had the soul and the sentiments of a poet; but his talent had not ripened. His aims were beyond his capacities; his flights were on Icarian wings, that the sun would dissolve in the boldness of his ascent. In the midst of the deepest distress, he had endeavoured from day to day to prolong an existence that hope had alone rendered endurable; and now that hope was destroyed—that anticipation was unrealized—that himself and his friend were doomed to drink the bitter cup of defeat and indigence to its very dregs, he could bear no more. And he said to Escousse, in the morning after the failure of their two plays, ‘Let us no longer buoy ourselves up with vain and futile hopes, but let us terminate a wretched existence!’ And Escousse replied, ‘Yes—let us die—and die together!’ Their terrible design was put into execution. Escousse felt himself too weak in mind and purpose to die alone—Lebras was unable to live alone. The tragical end of these really promising young men is well known—they perished in each other’s arms like two faithful friends, and terminated a miserable existence in the convulsions of asphyxy.”

The latter part of my little tale was totally lost upon Duclin. We had arrived on the Boulevard Montmartre, and stood for a few moments opposite a large café, brilliantly lighted up, through the windows of which my friend was intensely gazing; and I did not marvel that his attention should have been directed thither, for at the counter of the café was seated one of the sweetest girls I had ever beheld. To use the words of Lamartine, she was

“The fairest flower of beauty that has been
By mortal eyes, since earth existed, seen;

The blushing rose—the lily's chaster hue
Met on her damask cheek;—the violet's blue
Was brought to shame by her bright orbs, so full
Of all that's sweet and all that's beautiful."

Alas! I know not whether we could continue in the same strain, and in the words of the same poet, and aver that

"Her love was warm, but so restrain'd by pride,
It ne'er could lead her virgin steps aside
Till heav'n should bless her union."

But one thing was certain, that she was surrounded by admirers, and could at any time have quitted the bustle of a bar-maid at a café for the more elevated though less respectable grade of *femme entrêténue*. I had heard of the beauty of this young person, and did not hesitate to accede to Duclin's proposition of taking a nearer view of her. We accordingly walked into the café, called for some punch, and gratified our curiosity at the same time.

It struck me that there was something superior about this *fille de comptoir*. She was polite to her customers, but extremely reserved. Her eyes were invariably bent down on the ground when no one was talking to her: and if any of the gallants who generally surrounded the bar, addressed her in a style of fulsome compliment or adulation, her cheek became flushed, her brow was contracted, and her lips quivered with ill-suppressed indignation. "Was she indeed virtuous and innocent?" thought I to myself; "and is that delicate creature condemned to pass her life in this receptacle for the rude, the debauched, and the licentious?"

"You appear to regard that young girl, *Monsieur*," said an old gentleman who was near me, "with a peculiar degree of interest. And, I may add," he observed, after a momentary pause, "with a far different feeling than that which usually influences her admirers."

"I am not blind to the attractions of beauty," was my reply; "at the same time, there are a certain candour and a certain innocence about that girl, which ought to disarm the ribald seducer and selfish libertine of his specious wiles."

"And such are your reflections?" exclaimed the stranger, with mingled incredulity and astonishment depicted on his countenance.

"Such are my ideas," said I laconically.

"Then you know her history?"

"No; this is the first time I ever saw her."

The old gentleman drew his chair close to mine, and without farther preface began as follows: "You are aware that Mademoiselle — was a celebrated actress at the Opera Comique. She was seduced by Marshal —, about seventeen years ago, and a daughter was the fruit of the illicit connexion. Eugénie—such was the name of the little child—grew up in beauty and in virtue; for her mind, *Monsieur*, was chaste and innocent; and although she was frequently obliged to witness scenes of debauchery and riot at her mother's house, she nevertheless preserved her soul untainted and pure. Thus was she a fair flower, growing wildly amidst weeds and noxious plants. Her mother destined her for the stage, and reared her in the idea that she would one day be an ornament to the profession,

and by her beauty build up those fortunes which her parent's extravagances had caused to fall. But Eugenie from the first evinced a strong dislike to the *metier* of *artiste*; and at length refused even to attend her mother in the green-room. About a year ago Mademoiselle — received and encouraged the visits of Count —, a notorious rake and libertine, and gave him every opportunity of being alone with her daughter, who soon saw through the infernal perfidy and villanous schemes projected by her unworthy mother. Common decency compels me to be brief in this portion of my short narrative; suffice it to say, that all the stratagems of the unnatural parent to induce her daughter to forsake the paths of virtue, failed, and that the count was equally unsuccessful in a suit which he prosecuted with the most unremitting assiduity. Eugenie's home became so wretched, and she was so disgusted at her parent's conduct, as well as wearied with the importunities of her admirer, that she fled that unhappy home, and disappeared without leaving a trace behind to mark the route she had taken. A few weeks ago Mademoiselle —, while dancing in the *ballet* at the Opera, fell, and dislocated her ankle. She was thus compelled to quit the stage, and the most dire distress stared her in the face. Accustomed to expend her daily salary so soon as she received it, no hoarded supply in case of necessity now administered to her wants; and she was literally starving in a miserable garret, when her daughter heard of her penury and melancholy situation, and flew to relieve the mother who by her cruelty had driven her from the maternal threshold!"

"Excellent girl!" cried I, unable to restrain my enthusiastic admiration of such noble conduct.

"That is not all," continued the narrator of the fair bar-maid's history. "From the moment Eugenie had left her mother's house, she supported herself in private by needle-work; and as her wants were circumscribed to the mere necessities of life, she had managed to save a few francs from the pittance she earned by her needle. With those savings she assisted her sick parent; and finding that her laborious work would not procure a sufficiency to meet the contingent expenses incurred by medical attendance, &c., for her mother, she accepted the situation of *fille de comptoir* at this café, although its publicity were exceedingly repugnant to her feelings. In conclusion, let me add that at this moment she continues to support her parent, who is still confined to her room, and unable to attend the only place which can give her bread as a reward for her own exertions."

"And is it possible that such virtue exists in the breast of an uneducated girl—a girl brought up in the hot-bed of vice and dissipation—a girl whose mind could scarcely have escaped corruption?"

"It is very possible; because *there* is an example of such purity amid corruption, of excellence in the centre of debauchery—that girl, *Monsieur*, has seen enough to make her virtuous. It is not by ignorance of the world that we become good; it is by our knowledge of it. If we do not behold vice in all its shapes, we know not how to compare its hideousness with the beauty of virtue; comparisons instruct

us to discriminate between the excellence of one system and the viciousness of another; and depend upon it that the young lady of the Chaussée d'Autin, who mingles in all the gaieties and pleasures of the metropolis, is at heart and from experience more virtuously inclined than the contemplative and curious nun shut up in the walls of a convent;"—and with these words the stranger rose, bowed, and walked hastily out of the café.

It was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade Duclin to leave the café, so enamoured was he of *la belle Eugénie*; and if, according to the creed of Madame de Genlis, there be such a thing as "love at first sight," certainly on this occasion my friend would almost have borne out the illustrious authoress in the permanent establishment of her theory. He, however, at length agreed to accompany me to the Porte Saint Martin theatre, whither I proposed we should proceed, and purchase a ticket at half-price.

The second piece had not commenced when we entered the spacious *salle*; nor was the house very much crowded; we therefore easily procured places in the amphitheatre. As is usual between the acts, or in the intervals between the pieces, in those resorts of the middling classes, several *gentlemen* in the galleries and in the *paradis* were indulging themselves with a little recreation, such as the innocent amusement of throwing orange-peels at each other, or missiles of a similar description.

"Leave off, thieves!" thundered a less turbulent individual without a coat, in the *paradis*.

"Lift up the rag, or give me back my blunt!" cried another gentleman, habited in a *blouse* or *gaberline* of cerulean dye, and alluding to the curtain.

"Silence, *messieurs*!" exclaimed a *gendarme*.

"Turn out the *gendarme*!" roared a number of voices.

"What do you mean by kissing my mistress in a public theatre, you scoundrel?" demanded an offended lover.

"Why did she squeeze my hand, then?" observed the individual thus accused.

The disturbance was terminated by the drawing up of the curtain, and the first act of the *Sept Enfants de Lara* commenced. This precious composition emanated from the pen of Mallefille; and certainly a more extraordinary combination of horror, impossibility, and unnatural incidents, was never before submitted to the public in the shape of a play. One portion of it is so horrible, I cannot forbear transcribing it, as a specimen of the characters of six of Lara's children.

"Rodriguez. Well, 'tis nobly resolved my children! Go, and combat for your father!

"Vallombra. Yes; but, before you go, swear upon this book (*she takes a Bible in her hands*) that you are untainted by a single crime.

"All. Yes! yes! yes!

"Bejar. I, by reason of my birth-right.

"Vallombra. Swear, then, that in order to acquire your birth-right, you have not dipped your hands in innocent blood. Swear, Don

Bejar, that you did not instigate your father, Rodriguez, to put to death your brother, Don Diego de Lara, your elder brother on your mother's side.

"*Bejar.* God of heaven!

"*Torquatus.* And I, then?

"*Vallombra.* Come near me, Don Vordi; and you also, Don Hannibal,—come near me, I say.

"*Hannibal.* We are here!

"*Vallombra.* Swear, then, all three, that ye did not assassinate your cousin Don Ganés, count of Lamora, baron of Las Hernasas, lord of Villavorde, to inherit the more speedily—you, Don Vordi, his principal title and estate—

"*Vordi.* Oh!

"*Vallombra.* You, Torquatus, to succeed to his barony—

"*Torquatus.* Silence, Madam!

"*Vallombra.* And you, Hannibal, to possess his city!

"*Hannibal.* Malediction!

"*Vallombra.* And there is Don Favila, who seduced—did he not?—the wife of Don Herrera, and left her to die of shame and of despair.

"*Favila.* Not I! not I!

"*Vallombra.* Then for you, O Gustament! swear that when a waxen effigy of your father was found, with the mark of a dagger's point on his breast—swear that it was not you who did it—swear that the poniard, Gustament, was not your's!

"*Gustament.* Oh! horror, horror!

"*Vallombra.* 'Tis well! and [now swear, all six, that you are spotless. Swear—swear! Come, do not cast down your eyes—do not turn away from each other—do not attempt to conceal your faces. Ye are worthy to regard each other's countenances. Ah! Rodriguez, how happy ought you to be! Ye all know one another right well now! A profligate, an assassin, a parricide—there is your father, my lords! Profligates, assassins, and parricides—there are your sons, my lord!

"*All.* Oh! oh! oh!"

But the audience applauded this horrible colloquy, and at every word that issued from the lips of Vallombra, some marvelling and delighted citizen of the Marais or the Boulevard du Temple clapped his hands in an ecstasy of bliss, at the risk of being ejected from the theatre as a turbulent character. Is it not strange,—that passion for the horrible? is it not astonishing that the lower orders of the Parisians prefer those theatres where murders and duels are enacted, to the stages on which figures the witty comedian, or the aerial *figurante*? But it is on Sunday evening that the Porte Saint Martin is in its glory. No sooner are the gates thrown open than the crowds of "washed" and "unwashed," in coats or in gaberdines, in bonnets or in caps, rush to the theatre as if their very lives depended upon their witnessing the pieces to be performed. From five o'clock to midnight do upwards of eighteen hundred people endure the heat of the *salle*, the crowded seats, the unwholesome combination of breaths, to see a tyrant killed, a lover successful in his suit, and a quantity of

declamation which one-half of them cannot comprehend. In verity, the Parisans are the most extraordinary people in the world!

I ventured to suggest to Duclin the propriety of an adjournment from the Porte Saint Martin, but he would never have consented had not fortune, or rather a very natural occurrence, aided my wishes. In the midst of one of Vallombra's most horrible speeches, when all was silence and attention throughout the house, Duclin coughed tolerably loud. In a moment a hoarse voice in the gallery roared from on high—"Turn out the consumptive gentleman!" and every glance was instantaneously fixed upon us. We were a focus at which hundreds of visual rays suddenly met; and not at all relishing the unpleasantness of our situation, Duclin precipitated himself from the amphitheatre, overturned a dowager immediately behind me, knocked down the box-keeper in the passage, and nearly fell head-long down stairs in his hurry to retreat from the *salle*. I followed somewhat more leisurely, and joined my discomfited friend in the street, where I found him disputing with a *gendarme*, who suspected that the haste which he made to leave the theatre was somewhat equivocal. I however satisfied the police-man of Duclin's perfect innocence, and we proceeded without further molestation along the Boulevard du Temple.

"Once more we tread on classic ground," said Duclin, doubtless alluding to our last *Ramble*, and thinking of the works of Ricard, &c. "Shall we finish our evening at the Cadran Bleu? or, if you prefer the society of the fair sex, I can introduce you to some young friends of mine—milliners, at thirty *sous* a day, in the Rue Vivienne—whose abode is not far hence."

"*Merci*," said I, not at all relishing Duclin's proposal at the moment; "but I will accede to the former suggestion with pleasure, and accompany you to the Cadran Bleu."

"*Volontiers!*" cried my friend; and in five minutes we were seated in one of the *cabinets particuliers* of that famous restaurant. Duclin vested himself with the appointment of caterer, and ordered an excellent supper, to which we were doing ample justice when a sudden disturbance in the parlour adjoining diverted our attentions from the delicious viands before us.

"I tell you it is a shameful intrigue—a perfidy—a disgrace!" cried a female voice in a loud shrill tone.

"But, my dear—" argued the individual with whom the fair dame appeared to be disputing.

"Do not *dear* me," interrupted the lady; "I repeat it is a shameful intrigue, and for the future I shall take warning how I associate with men of loose habits and pursuits."

"The proof! the proof!" shouted the accused, now angry in his turn.

"Oh yes—you may well call for proofs of your infidelity, wretch!" screamed the female. "Did I not see you handing *bon-bons* to the young girl who was with me last Sunday at the *ducasse* at Saint Cloud? and did you not buy two francs' worth of fruit at the *Marché des Jacobins* on the following day, in order to send her? All that, perhaps you will say, was only a little civility on your part—but now, to my very face, you light your cigar with one of her love-letters. Oh! it is

shameful—shameful!”—and as these words escaped the lips of the infuriate lady, the sound of a tumbler falling on the ground, and breaking into a thousand pieces, convinced Duclin and myself that we were in the neighbourhood of a little domestic war.

“Have I not been faithful to you, wretch, during two whole months?” continued the angry fair one—for fair we suppose all ladies to be, whether we have ocular demonstration of the fact, or not—“and did I not pawn my silver coffee-pot to lend you the very twenty francs with which you are to pay for this supper—a supper that was intended as a treat for me?—Oh! it is shameful in the extreme!” and the din of a decanter rattling against the wainscot proclaimed a renewal of hostilities.

“My dear Agathe,” said the unfortunate object of all this fury, “you wrong me, I assure you, you wrong me. It is true, appearances are against me; but allow me to enquire, in my turn, who was that handsome young man with whom you sate in a *loge grillée* the other night at the Gaité?”

“Oh! the ingratitude of man!” exclaimed the lady in a voice evidently choked with sobs and emotion—how much of which was affected I am not prepared to say. “My dear cousin from the country was so kind as to *chaperon* me to the theatre, and—”

“Well, well, then,” said the gentleman in an accent of pacification; “and the young lady, with whose letter I just lighted my cigar, and of which you perceived a scrap with a few scrawls upon it just now on the table, is my cousin also; but you did not know it.”

A loud burst of laughter on the part of the forgiving fair one cut short this reply, and the parties, mutually convinced of each other's constancy, agreed to a cessation of hostilities and the discussion of another bottle of wine.

“The women are terrible deceivers,” said Duclin, when we had once more seated ourselves at the table; “and yet they constantly reproach our sex for its vacillation and infidelity in love affairs. *En vérité*, I begin to think that constancy is a word that no longer exists in the dictionary of Cupid.”

“Woman is a strange compound of excellence and frailty—of affection and whim—a medley of contradictions—an assemblage of antitheses,” said I: “and yet no two individuals exactly agree in their opinion of the sex; because every one is prone to judge of women according to his successes or defeats in amatory warfare. Unfortunately there are so many daily instances of flagrant dereliction on the parts of wives, to the perpetual shame and dishonour of their husbands, that many young men of the present day are thence apt to form wrong conclusions relative to the virtue of women. This should not be; for, if there do exist those examples of frailty, there are still so many splendid and brilliant instances of women's honour—and woman herself is a being so adorable, naturally so chaste and pure, until soiled and tainted by the breath of unfounded calumny, or seduced from virtue's paths by the wiles of the abandoned seducer, that we ought to worship and protect her—defend her reputation by words, and prove our respect and devotion for her by our actions. Judge not women in general, Duclin, by those *grisettes* whose society

you covet—those females of doubtful character whose levity has charms for you: but rather believe the whole sex to be a model of excellence and worth, whose general merits are evidenced by the mere fact of there being a few exceptions to attract attention and entail vituperation.”

Duclin made a grimace very much resembling one of those with which Auriol frequently delights the spectators at Franconi's equestrian theatre, as I delivered this *exordium*, and sipped his Volnay without offering a reply. It was now past midnight—we accordingly rang the bell, called for our bill, paid it, and once more sallied forth upon the Boulevard. The wine had not failed to work its effect upon us, particularly with Duclin, whose *equilibrium* was occasionally menaced by the irregularity of the pavement. The night was fine, thousands of stars twinkled in the vast regions of space above us, and the moon rolled on her even course as if she saw not—repined not at—the deeds and miseries of men! Paris was now nearly silent. For the most part, the cafés were closed, the theatres were shut, the crowds that a few hours before thronged upon the Boulevards had dispersed, and only a few loiterers were seen at distant intervals; but that vast city lay in a comparative state of tranquillity and quiet. Hushed was the sound of revelry and music; closed were the eyelids of the prudent who rise early to their diurnal labours; the voice of the *roué* alone broke upon the silence of the night, save when the heavy footsteps of the patrol assured the citizens of Paris that their lives and property are guarded while they sleep.

We have now introduced the reader to the literary society—the Boulevards by night—the café—the theatre—and the *restaurant*, in the course of our ramble; one scene alone remains with which we might have made him familiar—for Paris boasts not attractions by night in such profusion as she exhibits them by day—and that scene is the gaming-house—Frescati! But, alas! the dens usually sought by the infamous, the avaricious, or the adventurous, are already too well known both to the stranger and to the citizen of Paris; and the pens of many able men have laboured hard to depict the horrible vice in all its deformity, and deter the young and inexperienced from a haunt in which lurk the elements of ruin, as the volcanic combinations of destruction repose in the crater of Vesuvius. No—to that vile scene we will not introduce our reader. Gaming is unfortunately a *mania* which no example can correct, no precept destroy, no argument arrest in its baneful progress, until fortune, fame, honour, and happiness have been sacrificed on the accursed shrine at which thousands annually depose their offerings. Paris abounds in a variety of innocent pleasures and enjoyments; and the careful and provident may live in a species of “Elysian beatitude” within its hospitable walls; but the sovereign city of the world, the metropolis of a mighty nation, also possesses a thousand delusive blandishments, which, like the still waters that cover sunken and dangerous rocks, tempt the confiding vessel to seek for ease and retirement in their placid bay, where it founders, and consigns its crew to certain danger and probable death.

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

(Continued from page 390.)

CHAPTER VII.

NARRATIVE OF THE PAST.

"It was in the year 1774," said the Chevalier d'Altamont to the all-attentive Abbé Prud'homme, "that I was first intimately acquainted with the baron and baroness of Grandmanoir. The baroness was one of the most beautiful creatures that ever existed. But certain reasons oblige me to be concise on this head, or I might give you a description of a being a fairer than whom the sun ne'er shone upon. Her husband was deeply enamoured of her; and she for some time returned his affection with a reciprocal passion. Their union was blessed by the birth of an heir in 1775, and the baron's happiness was complete. They were then residing at Grandmanoir; and a continued series of gaiety, balls, parties, &c., served to while away the time. There never were less than twenty or thirty visitors staying at the *chateau*, amongst whom I was invariably included. But the most constant guest—and the one whose presence appeared to be the most indispensable to the baron—was the duke de Dumaille.

"The duke was the baron's most intimate friend. They had been educated together at the same seminary in early youth, and had made a continental tour in each other's company when they attained the period of their majority. About the same age, intimately connected by the ties of friendship, and both endowed with high rank and splendid fortunes, it was not astonishing that the duke de Dumaille and the baron de Grandmanoir should thus remain inseparable companions. The duke was remarkably handsome. Tall and well-formed, he had that aquiline cast of feature which so well corresponds with a commanding air and aristocratic bearing. His manners were fascinating in the extreme—he had a most retentive memory—he was fond of poetry and light literature, and was a great favourite with the ladies, whose vanity he flattered by the apposite compliments he paid their charms, by means of apt quotation, and whose *amour propre* he gratified by his specious adulation. He however made no secret of his amours; and many a quarrel did he occasion between a suspicious husband and a coquettish wife, on account of his unguarded allusions and reckless vaunts.

"To give you an idea of the nature of the friendship that existed between the duke de Dumaille and the baron of Grandmanoir, I need but mention an occurrence which took place in January 1776, and to which may eventually be traced the origin of all the pecuniary difficulties that now threaten the ancient family. You start—*Monsieur l'Abbé*—but I know more than you suspect—and I am perfectly aware that the baroness is at this moment involved in embarrassments,

and that those embarrassments were the cause of de Moiro's late visit. But to continue my anecdote. The duke was a notorious gambler, and one of the most extravagant men in existence. One evening—when the duke was supposed to be at Paris—a post-chaise suddenly drew up to the door of the *chateau*, and the lord of Dumaille descended the steps. He sought an immediate interview with the baron, and informed him that two days previously he had lost upwards of eight hundred thousand francs at play—that his estates were already mortgaged for a time—but that if the baron would advance the required sum for a period of fourteen years, the matter might be arranged to the satisfaction and convenience of all parties. The baron immediately accompanied the duke to Paris; and de Moiro senior procured the money on terms apparently easy at the moment, but which have since proved the origin of a thousand evils. An infamous deed was signed—the baron did not object to the conditions of it, so firmly did he rely upon the promises of the duke and his ability to repay the money at the period specified—and the cash was counted down on the table by the designing Notary, who perhaps entertained even then the most nefarious of all intentions with regard to Grandmanoir. However—suffice it to say that the duke was made happy—the baron pleased at having been so materially serviceable to a friend—and they returned to the *chateau* together. I merely relate this anecdote to exemplify the generous feeling of the baron, the obligations the duke lay under to him, and the cause of an encumbrance upon the estate, concerning which we shall have to speak anon. Thus all passed on happily and quietly for a season; and the baron was apparently the most enviable of beings.

“The days were passed in amusements of all kinds—the evenings in dancing, *fêtes champêtres*, or with music and cards. There were barges upon the canals, beautifully fitted up for the use of the visitors who were fond of water-excursions; hounds and huntsmen for the chase; and shooting *apparatus* for the sportsman. The ponds were filled with an abundance of fine fish; and many sought a recreation in, to me, the cruel art of angling. Thus was time whiled away on the wings of pleasure; and *ennui* was banished from those halls of delight.

“At length it came to the baron's knowledge that the duke had expressed himself in ardent terms relative to the baroness. Of this circumstance I was well informed, residing, as I before told you, almost constantly at Grandmanoir. The baron knew full well the duke's character and disposition, and did not for an instant doubt the truth of the communication that had been made to him. He however said nothing to him whom he had always treated and considered as his friend; but determined to watch the conduct of his youthful spouse, whose heart he could not persuade himself had been already estranged from the liege lord of her first affections.

“I shall not dwell at any length upon this portion of my narrative; nor shall I expatiate on the intense anxiety experienced by the baron during the few months that elapsed after suspicion and jealousy had once been awakened in his mind. Suspicion, M. l'Abbé, deprives

you of sleep—turns the hours set apart for repose into restless vigils—chases the blood away from the cheek—plants untimely wrinkles on the brow—and causes you to start at the slightest whisper. And jealousy, M. l'Abbé, is the spider of the mind, that weaves its venomous webs around the finest fibres which concrete in the human breast, distorts all things into other shapes, gives false colours to the appearance of facts, and invests with importance the most groundless trifles. Such was the penalty to which the baron was subjected; but neither his suspicion nor his jealousy was devoid of foundation!"

Here the Chevalier d'Altamont hesitated for a moment to recover breath; and the Abbé Prud'homme awaited in the deepest suspense the conclusion of the tale.

"No," continued the chevalier, "those suspicions were just—and that jealousy was not a vain and visionary idea. The baron confided all his secrets to me; my breast was the repository of all his sentiments, all his dread, and all his fears, as well as all his sorrows—and those sorrows, M. l'Abbé, were not trivial—they were deep and profound! If I speak with warmth, pardon me, for I was the baron's dearest friend, and I feel his woes as pungently as if they were my own. Proofs—glaring and most unequivocal proofs—at length convinced the unhappy husband of his wife's infidelity; and, in a moment of pardonable ire, the baron sought to slay the cruel seducer of innocence and virtue, without allowing him an opportunity of preparing for self-defence. But the duke escaped—God only knows how—the effects of his injured friend's just resentment; and immediately made a precipitate retreat from the *chateau*. I have since ascertained that, contrary to his usual and well-known habits, he never once alluded to the occurrence amongst his fashionable friends in the metropolis; but carefully avoided the subject when any question was put to him, or any allusion made to his breach with the baron of Grandmanoir. I did not fail subsequently to acquaint my injured friend with this (to him) important fact; and it considerably alleviated—if solace could be experienced in the midst of woes so deep as his—the acuteness of his sorrows.

"Few were the reproaches he breathed in the ears of his faithless spouse; to save his honour—to conceal the disgrace that had fallen upon his family—to prevent the possibility of a *rencontre* between himself or his wife and the infamous de Dumaille—these were now his sole aims, his sole desires. When we retrospect to past ages, and the misty times gone by, we see the first root of the ancient family of the baroness of Grandmanoir planted by the venerable Constable Montmorenci of St. Quentin renown; and through a series of successive centuries, during which many were the noble scions that were born to and died from that honourable stock, no disgrace—no infamy had ever been attached to their glorious name. Can you wonder, then, Monsieur l'Abbé, that in his agony—in his despair—the baron came to the desperate resolution of realizing a portion of his vast possessions, and seeking a foreign clime whither he might bear the remembrance of his sorrows? His family was not less ancient—not less renowned—not less exalted by rank—nor less ennobled by the deeds of an illustrious ancestry; it was therefore necessary to save

those two families from the vilifying impression of a lasting stigma. Dread was the resolve! to leave his native clime—to forsake his proud and lordly acquaintances—to banish himself from his paternal estate—to shun the glances of his fellow-countrymen—Oh! M. l'Abbé, you know not how galling such proceedings must have been to the haughty and unbending disposition of the peer of Grandmanoir!

“But he was inflexible in his determination. The stately hotel in the Faubourg Saint Germain was sold, the servants were dismissed, the furniture—yes, the very furniture—was disposed of, in order to convince the baroness of the stern resolve of her husband, and the uncertainty of their ever again returning to Paris; and they departed on a tour to Italy, leaving their extensive possessions under the control of a notary of the Rue Vivienne in Paris. I need scarcely inform you that this was M. de Moiro, the father of the present unworthy claimant to the estate of Grandmanoir.”

“Singular—most singular!” cried the Abbé, while the chevalier reposed for a moment, and drank a glass of wine which he poured from a bottle standing on the table in the middle of the room, but within his reach as he reclined upon the sofa. “All this is perfectly new and strange to me,” added Father Joseph, unable to refrain from expressing his astonishment.

“Strange and new!” cried the chevalier, almost contemptuously. “What! are you astonished that, amongst other communications, the baroness should have withheld from you the secret of her shame—of her disgrace? No; she thinks you are her friend—in her declining years she fancies she has need of your counsels in the emergency of her affairs; and she entrusts just so much to your wisdom as she chooses and is obliged by circumstances to do. Mistake her not, Abbé Prud’homme. I know her well—I was long intimate with her and her husband—in fine, I am this day engaged in her cause. But let me continue my narrative, ere the night shall be too far advanced.”

“Proceed,” said Father Joseph; “I am most anxious to know the result of these mysterious deeds.”

“The baron and his wife,” continued the chevalier, “left Paris, and proceeded towards the genial clime of Italy. When they bade adieu to their numerous friends and acquaintances, the baron suffered it to be believed that they merely intended to make a tour calculated to occupy two or three years; and that at the end of that period it would be their desire to return to France. But three years passed away—and they sought not again the enjoyments of their native land. I corresponded with the baron; and he informed me, at the expiration of those three years, that he was resolved never to set foot more on the estate where his honour had been so severely compromised, nor in that city where he had first selected the wife who had disgraced him. He moreover assured me, that he was living on amicable terms with the baroness, who seemed deeply to have repented of her fault; and that he was inclined to forgive her with all his heart and all his soul. At the same time he charged de Moiro to let the *chateau* and estate of Grandmanoir, as it would have been useless to suffer the lands to remain uncultivated, or the house to

dwindle into decay. The notary obeyed these injunctions; a banker of repute declared his readiness to accept the lease on the terms proposed; and the bargain was forthwith concluded.

"The baron and baroness of Grandmanoir," continued the chevalier, after a momentary pause, "at length fixed their abode in Florence, and gradually entered into the dissipations and pleasures of the Tuscan capital. Year succeeded year; the baron eagerly plunged into those ruinous courses that involve fortunes, fame, and rank in danger and jeopardy, because the excitement of cards, drinking, and riotous company, estranged his mind from a contemplation of his misfortune. On her part, the baroness did not fail to aid her noble husband in making away with their vast riches: she gave magnificent entertainments—kept a splendid equipage—hired a beautiful villa in the vale of Arno—and even astonished the wealthiest inhabitants of Florence by her expenditure and ostentatious disregard for money. Frequent and more frequent were the remittances despatched from Paris by M. de Moirot; and Grandmanoir was already heavily mortgaged, when, in the beginning of the year 1790, events occurred that effectually terminated so ruinous a course, destroyed the happiness of the baron for ever, involved his property in deeper jeopardy, and—and—but no matter—he was my friend, M. l'Abbé—and you will pardon these tears!"

The holy father said nothing; he was lost in deep thought—a multitude of new ideas and new schemes were already jarring in his breast—and he scarcely remarked the bitterness with which the venerable old man wept. A long interval ensued—the moon was by this time high in the heavens—the busy hum of the city was almost rocked in repose—and the bat winged his airy flight around the tall gables of the houses. The night was still calm and serene—not a cloud veiled the stars above—the darkness consisted of a dusky veil, whose surface was uniformly of the same hue, and was not varied by occasional vapours; and in that little apartment sate those two men—each with thoughts of vast import agitating his mind—each impatient to know the final resolutions or secrets of the other. The moon shone in at the window, and its placid rays played upon the silvery locks of the chevalier, and caused the tears to glisten as they rolled down his cheeks. That painful silence was long unbroken, while the Abbé and the chevalier remained absorbed, the one in his reflections, the other in his grief. At length d'Altamont started up—the iron tongue of the cathedral bell proclaimed the hour of eleven—and the sonorous note effectually aroused the inmates of the apartment to which we have introduced our reader, from their reflections.

"It is now mine," said the chevalier, "to detail a succession of misfortunes that befell the baron, and that would have driven any other man to the verge of despair. In the midst of dissipation, rash expenditure, and ruinous gaiety—while music was nightly heard in the *cassino* hired by the baroness in the vale of Arno—and while the baron was unhappily giving way to habits of licentiousness that must speedily have consigned him to an untimely grave, had he not been suddenly arrested in his career—while de Moirot was deriving im-

mense profits from his situation as intendant of the property of *Grandmanoir*—and while the eventual ruin of that noble family's fortune and honour alike appeared to be threatened—the duke de Dumaille suddenly arrived in Florence! He was still gay, volatile, and handsome as he always had been; he had left Paris involved in irredeemable difficulties, and with the remnants of his once princely fortune had sought the Tuscan capital wherein to fix his future residence.

“The baron was absent, on a visit to an Italian nobleman at Venice, when the duke de Dumaille made his appearance in the Etrurian metropolis; and it was only on his return to the *cassino* inhabited by his wife from time to time, in the vale of Arno—a return that was sudden and totally unanticipated by her—a return that took place at midnight, when all was gaiety, with dancing, music, and mirth in the country residence—it was only then that the baron first became aware of the duke's presence in Florence, and encountered him in the *salons* of the baroness, surrounded by the gay Italian youths who flitted about the handsome and noble Frenchman, and were proud to be honoured by his smiles. For a moment the baron's brow darkened, and his hand sought his sword; but respect for himself and for his family restrained his indignation, and he bowed distantly to the duke, who saluted him with a half-impudent, half-patronising inclination of the head. That night a terrible scene took place between the baron and his spouse, and a confession of a renewed guilty intercourse was slowly elicited from the unwilling lips of the lost woman!

“Misfortunes never come singly, M. l'Abbé,” pursued the chevalier, hastily quitting the subject which related to the arrival of de Dumaille at Florence; “no—calamity in its visits is never unattended. On the following morning—after that eventful night—the baron received letters from Paris. Some of them were from friends, announcing, in a casual manner, the flight of the duke from his creditors; and others were from de Moiro, containing information of the same fact, and advertising the baron of the non-payment of the enormous sum advanced in 1776, as I before stated. These news were sufficient to paralyze the energies of any common individual; but the baron endeavoured to bear up against his misfortunes with fortitude and magnanimity. He knew it was useless to apply to de Dumaille—even if he would have condescended to do so; he therefore immediately wrote to de Moiro for a correct and detailed account of the exact position of his affairs, the amounts of the mortgages on his ancestral domains, the liabilities under which he lay—in fine, a precise schedule of his debts and his possessions. This was speedily procured, and its contents for a time entirely stupified the unfortunate baron. He was tottering on the verge of ruin, and a desperate sacrifice could alone save him. The non-fulfilment of the conditions imposed upon him in 1776 by the deed bearing the signature of himself and the duke de Dumaille, empowered the treacherous and designing de Moiro to enter into full and incontestable possession of a considerable portion of the estate of *Grandmanoir*. The interest upon the eight hundred thousand francs, which sum was the amount—as you may remember—of the original loan, had been

suffered to accumulate; and, by the consequence of an enormous increase of compound interest, that original amount was now more than doubled. A sacrifice could be made—that is to say, a certain risk was to be run—and that sacrifice, and that risk, were both proposed by the avaricious de Moiro, who offered to draw up a new deed, corroborative in principle of the conditions detailed in the old one, and merely setting aside the conclusion of that original document by the simple change of granting a much more elongated period for the payment of the money, in default of which de Moiro should enter into possession of the entire estate of Grandmanoir. The interest was to be paid regularly at the usual intervals; and, after a proper valuation of the estate, in order that the delay might be commensurate with the circumstances in favour of de Moiro, the procrastinated period of payment was settled to take place on the 14th of August, 1822, with a month's due notice. Thus to gratify the avaricious calculations of one man, and to suit the convenience of another, was concluded the most villanous private commercial treaty* ever concocted by a notary, or signed by a land-holder! I subsequently understood that de Moiro settled this anticipated wealth—that is, either the sum due, or the estate itself—on his younger son Alfred, of whose mysterious disappearance I have since been informed."

"And the baroness—," said the Abbé Prud'homme, taking advantage of another pause in the chevalier's narrative to put a question that might elicit the information he required.

"The baroness," exclaimed the chevalier sharply. "Well—while these things were being done, her son threw—and the features of the boy resembled those of his sire."

"But what steps did the baron take—?" interrupted the Abbé, looking at his watch, and manifesting a certain impatience which indicated his anxiety to depart.

"For some time he devoured his wrath—for some time he tolerated the visits of the duke at his house in Florence—and for some time he merely reproached his wife in secret for having again permitted herself to associate with her former seducer. But when the transactions with de Moiro were concluded, and when de Dumaille had so long been received at the hotel of the baron de Grandmanoir as to prevent any suspicion concerning the real cause of a rupture, the injured husband sought a pretext to quarrel with his rival, and a duel ensued. The hostile parties met at a secluded place in the vale of Arno—they were accompanied by seconds—they fired at the same time—and the baron was left for dead!"

"But he did not die—he survived that event," exclaimed the Abbé hastily, and casting a peculiar glance of suspicion or doubt on the flushing countenance of the chevalier.

"Ah! how knowest thou *that*?" demanded the venerable d'Altamont, starting from his recumbent position, and sitting upright on the sofa, while he gave the Abbé a look which seemed to read the reverend father's inmost soul.

"Your confidence shall be met with equal confidence," said the

* The details of this transaction are partially founded on fact.

Abbé calmly. "During de Moiro's visit the other day, I overheard all that passed between him and the baroness—I listened in an adjoining apartment—solicitude for her welfare urged me to be thus indiscreet; and in the course of their conversation, de Moiro made use of these words,—‘Were my brother Alfred de Moiro in existence, *then* the lands of Grandmanoir would pass away from me and my heirs for ever. Such was my father's will—as *your deceased husband well knew!*’ Now Alfred de Moiro was only born in 1791—so far as my information—”

"That may be!" cried the chevalier, "because the baron *did* live another year after the duel that was eventually fatal in its results; and only de Moiro, the baroness, her son, and myself knew that he survived the combat that year; for the baroness, accompanied by her child, returned to France in deep mourning, and it was circulated amongst their friends that the lord of Grandmanoir was no more. Only de Moiro and ourselves knew to the contrary; and after a lapse of twelve months, he, the baroness, and I received letters from a surgeon in an obscure village in the south of Italy, informing us of his demise. This is the real truth, and will account for the words uttered by de Moiro. And should you ask wherefore the baron despatched his wife and only son again to France—should you ask wherefore he was desirous of being deemed no more a denizen of this world—seek the reply in the fact that his honour was tainted, that the real cause of the duel was bruited abroad, that, in a moment of intoxication, the duke de Dumaille avowed the deed to his convivial companions, and more than hinted at his ancient *liaison* with the baroness. The injured husband was fain to hide his dishonoured head in solitude and retirement; he knew that in France, and on her own estate, his wife would be safe from the persecutions, or rather assiduities of de Dumaille, whose embarrassments in pecuniary matters were an effectual bar to his residence in his native land. Such, M. l'Abbé, were the motives that influenced the baron in his singular mode of conduct—singular, perhaps, to you and to me, but reasonable when connected with an individual entertaining the highest sense of family honour, and jealous of the breath of aspersion!"

Here the chevalier paused, and as the last words, which he uttered with considerable emphasis, escaped his lips, the cathedral clock tolled the hour of midnight. But it was not until past three in the morning that the Abbé arrived once more at the chateau. The faithful historian of these memoirs is as yet unaware of what passed between the venerable chevalier and the reverend Father Joseph during the two long hours that intervened between the moment when the former brought his narrative down to the epoch at which the baroness returned to France, and when the latter took his departure. Matters of vast importance were doubtless discussed; else never would the careful priest have suffered himself to run the chance of catching the rheumatism by being exposed to the night air; nor would M. d'Altamont have so long refrained from seeking the luxuries of his tranquil couch. But the subject of their debates is for the present involved in mystery and doubt.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

—
 “O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,—
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied
 Lay'st thou thy ancient Lyre aside?
 Where is thy native, simple heart
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that older time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime.”—COLLINS.
 —

THE history of British music during the last twenty years has discovered no features of a character so marked and original as to constitute us, what we once were, a musical people endowed with good taste and the ability to discern it in others. A superficial observer looking at the immense advantages offered to foreign musicians, the avidity with which the admission tickets to musical entertainments are caught up by the pleasure-hunting public, and the general diffusion of certain popular airs through the length and breadth of the country, might be induced to deny our position; but we appeal to those of the *initiated* who have sufficient candour to speak out their real sentiments, whether this rather severe censure is not warranted by justice. As a few stones do not constitute a great and mighty city, so a few songs, a moderately successful opera and two or three respectable native composers, are not sufficient to raise us to the rank of a musical nation. It is true, that Barnett, Hullah and Balfe have lately done something to rescue England from the contempt of continental composers,—and we have a few vocalists and instrumental artists, of whom we may well be proud; but yet we are far behind the French and Italians,—perhaps not in science,—still in that all-absorbing enthusiasm which is indispensable to form great and commanding genius, and we must now even more than in days past look up with reverential regards to the Germans who have not only produced such men as S. BACH, HAYDN, MOZART, WINTER, BEETHOVEN, and WEBER, but practically show their love for musical science by making themselves, as a people, masters of their most splendid and difficult music.* That we ever had any pretensions

* “The smallest towns of Germany,” says an excellent judge of music and a vigilant observer of the present German musicians, “have orchestras able to perform the works of the great masters; and music generally forms the relaxation and indispensable enjoyment of a German's evening. Each town has its musical societies, in which both amateurs and professionals unite in their devotion to one single object—music. At Cologne, Dusseldorf, Coblenz, and other towns about the Rhine, musical festivals are celebrated that collect the inhabitants from far and near, and to which performers flock to the amount of several hundreds. The union thus formed of professional musicians with amateurs, to whom they freely and in detail communicate their ideas on the theory as well as practice of music, is not without its advantages,—as is well known by any who are familiar with the Church music in Wurtemberg, Baden, and Bavaria.” But all over Germany, and in Prussia, Saxony and Cassel in particular, music is studied by the people, forms a part of their ordinary education, supplies a

to be considered a musical people, as the Germans now are, cannot be said,—unless indeed we may except our excellent choral singers in the provinces and especially in Yorkshire; but we once could boast of native composers, whose works earned an European reputation, as the names of PURCELL, BOYCE, CALLCOTT, ARNE, and others, will sufficiently hint to our readers:—that we have not been able to speak of the works of more modern musical writers with equal confidence, is, as we think, owing to that overweening love introduced through the Italian opera and its *corps dramatique* for the music-run-mad compositions of Rossini and his followers, and, perhaps, not less so to the facilities offered by an uneducated and depraved public taste for the adoption of jingling, *low-minded* music quite unworthy of scientific composers. There are, however, some indications leading us to prophesy the dawning of a brighter day for music, the commencement of a period as glorious as ever was known in our history;—and our time will not have been spent in vain, if by recounting what has been done during the last and most interesting musical season within our recollection, we shall succeed in inspiring the reader with hopes as bright as our own.

All persons at all acquainted with the London musical world well know that there are in it two parties as distinct as those in the world of politics, which two parties, to carry on the comparison, are united by a third composed of waverers, who call themselves independent, but are in reality swayed to this or the other side by the opinion of the larger and more influential party. Happily, however, it requires only a judicious and well-finished musical education to compare the merits of the contending parties in music:—fashion and long usage influence one, while science and true taste are the principles appealed to by the other. We shall say a few words respecting the former:—of the latter it will be necessary to speak much more at large.

The former is composed of the aristocracy and the would-be grantees who make fashion their god without ever entering the sanctuary,—of those who patronise and frequent the Italian opera, subscribe to and direct the ancient concerts, and court the attention, either by heavy purses or fawning attentions, of the foreign singers, most of whom, with all their wonderful animal powers, have scarcely better taste than their patrons and employers. We speak here of classes, and it is pleasing to think that there are many honourable exceptions in individuals, whose names, were it not invidious and indelicate, it would not be difficult to mention. Of the patrons of the opera it may be truly said, that they are very easy, civilly disposed patrons; for M. Laporte treats his “very noble and approv’d good masters” in a way that might well astonish us, if we did not know as well as he, that nine-tenths at least of his audience resort to his house, not so much to listen for amusement or edification to the music and

fund of innocent and refined recreation, and at the same time animates both the performers and the auditory with noble and virtuous sentiments. The good morals of the lower orders in Germany may partly, at least, be attributed to their early-ingrafted fondness for music; and it is well worth the pains of our modern and more enlightened educationists to consider, if they cannot raise the social and moral condition of the English industrial classes by establishing popular education in harmony as well as in the more directly utilitarian branches of instruction.

singing provided by their caterer, as to enable them to say that they have seen my Lord —, paid humble *devoirs* to Countess —, flirted with Lady Emily —, or lingered with raptures on the dying cadences of Grisi's favourite song of the season. Such patronage may and does suit M. Laporte,—if it be true that he has derived large profits from the work of the past season; but well are we assured that the production of such wretched apologies for operas as those offered by Mercadante, Bellini, Donizetti, Costa, *et hoc pecus Melibæi* (i. e. Rossini) furnishes no inducement to suppose that the Italian company are doing much to improve the prospects of musical science in this country. Little wonder then is it, that the unsophisticated admirers of opera music should agree with La Bruyere, "*Je n'aime pas l'opera:—je n'en sais pas la raison, mais je m'ennuye toujours à l'opera.*" It may be said, however, that the noble subscribers are not wholly empowered to direct the performances into the best channel. However much more influence their monied patronage might have effected with Messrs. Laporte and Costa, we shall not stop to consider, but shall at once address ourselves to the task of discussing the merits of a celebrated establishment wholly under aristocratic patronage and management.

The very idea of the ANCIENT CONCERTS speaks volumes to those old connoisseurs who know what they once were, and are well acquainted with the works of the old and great masters. Such an one, if ignorant of the present real merits of the performances, would undoubtedly anticipate a most delicious treat from the promise of an evening's amusement in Hanover Square. Alas! how deep would be his disappointment, if he had been a visitor at the *soirées* on the Wednesdays of last season. It is not our intention to deny, that ancient and good music was performed, rather more than half of which, according to the *libretti*, may be termed classical; but of late there has been little, very little variety,—except that, which the music-run-mad taste of Lord Burghersh has introduced from Italy and *himself*.* Unfortunately too, a very large portion of the best music is so (and quite unnecessarily) hackneyed by repetition, that the stately dowagers and aproned prelates who give their patronage to these performances, fairly nod over their books in the privileged seats just below the orchestra. The imperfections of a stiff performance—such as all those conducted by the formal Mr. Knyvett must be †—may, of themselves, account for this very perceptible *ennui*; but yet there seems little sense in so frequently repeating the most popular choruses and symphonies of Handel, Haydn, and Mo-

* His Lordship resided for some years abroad, in an official situation at Florence. English money and aristocratic influence were successful in possessing foreigners with the notion, that he was the representative not only of the English monarch, but of English musicians.—Heaven preserve us from such representatives!—The history of the Royal Academy of Music is fully sufficient to convince all competent judges of the injudicious and destructive patronage extended by that nobleman to a great national institution. It seems that a Beethoven concert (an exhibition absolutely despised by the whole English musical world) was necessary to convince *even Germans*, that a fifth-rate musician, like the acting-director of the ancient concerts, cannot be regarded as a paragon of taste.

† The fact, that musical feeling is a necessary antecedent to musical expression does not seem to be sufficiently impressed on many of our modern leaders and con-

zart, together with a few cantatas and fragments from masses of Pergolese and Corelli, when it is well known that many as good, nay better works by the same writers, are on the library shelves of the conductors, and only require a little trouble in superintendence to be produced. Other works, however, might be offered to the aristocratical public with some benefit; and, perhaps, the directors may have forgotten that such individuals as we mention, *though dead, yet speak*,—S. Bach, Bateson, Boyce, Calcott, Palestrina, Purcell, Wilbye, Warde, Webbe, and others, on whose merits space, not will, prevents us from expatiating. If the directors of these concerts had acted up to their profession of keeping alive a taste for classical music and holding up a perpetual model of excellence, it might have been well; but what has been done during the last three seasons by the noble directors of the Wednesday *soirées* cannot justify any impartial and competent judge in giving any thing beyond a faint and damning praise. Of the nobilities' concerts very little need be said; for, either the patrons themselves dictate the pieces and songs to be played and sung, or else they leave the odious task to Messrs. Costa and his associates of the opera, who generally constitute the *lions* and *lionesses* of these ostentatious exhibitions. We are too well acquainted with the merits of these concerts to consider, that they arise from any thing except an incredible quantity of intrigue among the female fashionables; and hence our readers will not be surprised, that these concerts consist merely of the *rifacimenti* or elegant extracts from the operas selected by the *beau monde* of the modern Babylon. What a prospect for modern music! With respect to the benefit concerts of the last season, as of many others, we beg to omit any notice of them—being fully convinced that they have a tendency rather to degrade music and musicians, than to elevate the science of sweet sounds; because we have been sufficiently behind the scenes to know all the management and left-handed trickery used in getting up these generally disreputable performances.

Such is the work that has been accomplished of late years, by the aristocratical patrons of music. That party which comprises the less ambitious but best educated portion of the *fanatici per la musica* in the British metropolis now remains to be considered; and happily the taste of the middle classes furnishes us so much reason for praise and encouragement, that it will be necessary to devote more than our usual space to the discussion of their rising merits as the patrons of musical science. The leading public bodies, supported by the non-aristocratical connoisseurs, are the *Philharmonic* and *Vocal Societies*, each of which requires a separate consideration. The former rather injudiciously, as we think, almost excludes vocal music, or rather turns it over to the Vocal Society. Respecting the instrumental music of last season, the successful introduction of many sub-

ductors. It may be one thing to compose music, and another to execute it—but no person can properly execute the music written by another, unless he has the genius, the enthusiasm, and added to that—the knowledge of harmony which sets the seal to a musician's ability. Mere musical science, without feeling, is like the *caput-mortuum* of the chemist, after the essence has evaporated—like the pale, clayey body of mortality after the vitalizing soul has sped its way to a better world.

lime compositions either little known or little relished before in this country,—above all, the practical homage paid to **BEETHOVEN**, the Michael Angelo of song—call for the warmest praise from musical critics. Always classical, always enterprising, always ambitious of the most perfect execution, the Philharmonic has this year even excelled itself. To begin with Beethoven,—we have had his splendid pianaforte concerto in E flat almost as splendidly performed by Mrs. Anderson,—a concerto most admirable on account of the ever deviating variations on the original thema,—his sinfonia in A (No. 7.) which our readers will perhaps remember by the flute of poor Nicholson, who gave such exquisite expression to some of its most pathetic passages,—his quartett in G (No. 2, Op. 18) for stringed instruments in which Tolbecque and Lindley so especially distinguished themselves,—his sinfonia pastorale so well known and so justly praised for its vivid representation of rustic life and scenery,—where the birds sing, the waters fall, the tempest howls, and the villagers celebrate the dance and the song, all in beautiful and natural succession—his song of *the Quail*, in which by the potency of his art he makes the monotonous cry of a bird the theme of a cantata only equalled in talent by his own “Adelaide;” and, lastly, his grandest and longest Sinfonia (No. 9.) with the vocal part at the close taken from Schiller’s “Ode to Joy.” In all Beethoven’s symphonies, much as we may admire his orchestral effects, that feeling is superseded by a yet stronger one, raised by the wonderful combinations, the result of which is to communicate something like an electric shock to his hearers. It is like an historical painting of the grandest description, where not only nature is represented as living in reality, but a poetic ideality is thrown over it like a halo of glory, making it a splendid conception of nature’s *beau idéal*. It is dramatic and yet it is not theatrical;—for it is as far removed from the gewgaw and tinsel of operatic music, as the severe sublimity of Milton is elevated above the unmeaning prettinesses of a modern dramatist. In the ninth symphony the novel introduction of vocal music ushered in by a prelude the most original, most eccentric, and most wonderfully talented ever heard by any audience, is an additional proof of the support which professedly instrumental music may derive from the apt introduction of human sounds. Beethoven deserved a Schiller for his poet, and Schiller’s poetry could only be properly melodized by as grand an artist as himself. It would have been well, if the vocalists had been as much *au fait* in their parts as Mr. Loder and his associates were with their instruments:—but it is almost unfair to find fault, when we find the directors undertaking a very difficult task, and striving of themselves to raise the public taste for the pure and sublime in music. We take it as a good sign, that those auditors who, a few years ago, rejected this grand composition (as the Austrians once did the *Fidelio*, and the Milanese the *Zauberflöte*), because they could not understand it, received the performance of last April with an *empressement* and enthusiasm never demonstrated by the more fashionable frequenters of the ancient concerts, and seldom even by the subscribers to the Philharmonic. It is not Beethoven alone, however, whose works form a striking feature in these concerts: a great va-

riety of the best German music is constantly and rapidly produced, whose selection proves that there is a true taste among professors, which, though not elicited by the patronage of the great and high-born, can be called forth by the encouragement and co-operation of real connoisseurs. When we mention that Mozart's quartett for stringed instruments in E flat,—Haydn's quartett of the same kind in F, and Weber's immortal clarinet concerto so well played by Willman, and several other works owing Spohr, Haydn, Winter, and Mendelssohn for their authors, were successfully introduced to the subscribers, we need not urge one single further argument in proof of the services rendered to music by the Philharmonic Society. Turn we now to their brethren of the vocal concerts. If the vocalists of last year haddone nothing beyond producing the "Crucifixion" of Spohr, they would still have done a great and noble work; but they have done more, far more than this to merit praise from the lovers of song. The Vocal Society set out with the intention of raising the taste of the English public for vocal music—with the intention of leading them to relish the great and ennobling compositions of PURCELL, GREEN, COOKE, WEBB, and others in our own country, as well as the refined and the classic melodies and concerted pieces written by the first German and Italian masters. It is delightful to be one of an attentive audience listening to Hobbs, as he sings Purcell's pathetic air, "I attempt from Love's sickness,"—to such glees as, "Now the bright morning-star,"—"Hail, beauteous stranger,"—"Blest pair of Syrens,"—and "Mark where the silver queen;"—to such madrigals as Cavendish's "Sweet honey-sucking bees,"—Morley's "Lo, where with flow'ry head,"—Ward's "Die not, fond man,"—Wilbye's "Stay, Corydon,"—to Handel's "My heart is inditing" (which by the way ought to be better known, as being beyond all doubt his best coronation anthem,)—to his choruses, "Sing, oh! ye heavens,"—and, "Swell the full chorus"—to Haydn's Gloria in his first mass, and to Mozart's unequalled motett, "Praise Jehovah." For those who really have a perception for musical beauties, we can scarcely conceive a greater treat than that offered last spring by the judicious direction of the Vocal Society, especially as the music, generally speaking, was performed in a style not to be met with in any other concert room in London. The madrigals were particularly worthy of notice on account of the astonishing precision with which they were performed,—a precision unattainable, except by long and uninterrupted practice.* SPOHR's "Crucifixion" was reserved for the last effort of the society's season. Those who had previously seen the "Last Judgment" had, no doubt, anticipated a noble treat:—most assuredly they were not disappointed. The two

* The merit of restoring the writings of the old madrigalians to notice and favour belongs almost entirely to the Vocal Society, from which the Madrigal Societies in London and the provinces are only so many off-shoots. We may mention Mr. Edward Taylor in particular as one deeply interested, and nobly exerting himself in the business of brushing away the dust of oblivion from the writings of that host of great spirits, whose captain is the immortal PURCELL. The "Madrigal Society" and the "Purcell Club," of which Mr. Taylor is an active leading member, have done noble service lately, and his labours on Spohr's oratorio must never be forgotten.

oratorios are essentially different in their style, although both bear equally marks of genius and erudition. The "Last Judgment" is an epic poem, whereas the "Crucifixion" is rather a sacred drama, a personation of realities, the acting once again of those scenes so important to the destinies of mankind; and a drama it is of such stirring interest and so exquisitely wrought, that even the most obtuse must be roused to admiration and sympathy, when they hear strains which embody the anguish of the weak-minded Peter, the useless remorse of the traitor Judas, the unmoved attachment of the beloved John, and the maternal affection of Mary for the suffering Jesus. To comprise in a few words the greatest features of an oratorio in which all is great,—we may mention the solemn fugue in C minor composing the overture, the whole scene in the high priest's hall, the chorus of the disciples on the way to Calvary, the solemn and plaintive dirge accompanying the entombment of the Saviour,—and perhaps, above all, that noble chorus, "What threatening tempest gathers," in which are described with terrific grandeur the events immediately following the Crucifixion. An undertaking like this in the hands of a second-rate composer would only have exhibited the author's weakness and imbecility; but Spohr, who is scarcely less for music than Milton was for poetry, grapples with the difficulty, only that he may overcome it and enjoy the triumph of his genius. He has a style of his own, bearing the stamp of individuality, and so refined and sublime, so pathetic and yet so grand is that style, that one is fairly left in admiration of the author's unapproachable talent. The character of John (who is made by Mr. Taylor to deliver the words of Jesus as well as his own) was supported by Hobbs, who seemed perfectly to understand the exquisite feeling of the music committed to his charge. Balfe, who took the part of Peter, sang—one solo especially—quite *à merveille*:—we allude to that lovely bass song, "Tears of sorrow, shame, and anguish." We know not which to praise most,—the discrimination used in selecting a work of such noble character or the zeal and industry with which the society—one and all fired with the same enthusiasm—applied themselves to a due preparation for its adequate performance. The production of this oratorio forms, as we think, quite an era in the history of British musicians.

From what has already been said, something may now be gathered respecting the real amount of service done lately by these societies. The work is still progressive;—there is knowledge, energy, and zeal among a body composed of the highest members of the musical profession, which is well seconded by the encouragement of those well educated and independent amateurs who have thrown off the trammels of fashion and formalism. Let us hope that this enthusiasm may be caught up by those "beyond the pale where no profaner eye may look," and that many years may not elapse, ere a true musical taste shall be developed among the English people. It remains for us to say some few words respecting other excellent concerts, the very existence of which furnishes irrefragable proofs of an increasing taste for good and scientifically performed compositions. The "Classical concerts" of Mori, the rival "Quartett Concerts" of Blagrove, Mos-

cheles' "Piano-Forte Concerts," and "La Societa Armonica," each contribute their share to mould the taste of their different patrons and supporters; and when it is remarked that the names of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Weber, together with a few snatches from our favourite contemporary Mendelssohn, appear very liberally scattered through their programmes,---when again it is recollected, that the performances are uniformly conducted with a care and attention to detail fully adequate to draw out the merits of the noblest works, it must, we think, be freely conceded, that there is a growing disposition on the part of professors to treat music as a science capable of the greatest refinement and the highest elevation of sentiment. Let us not forget, while mentioning the different societies for the cultivation of music, that there is a Society of British musicians, whose object is to afford to young native composers the opportunity of exhibiting their talents before the public,---and a very desirable object it is under certain regulations tending to keep down the conceit of young and inexperienced men; but it is by no means certain, that the public exhibition of inferior works is calculated to benefit either the musicians themselves or the auditors who listen and applaud. The "Sacred Harmonic Society," the "Choral Harmonists," and the "Cecilian Society," prove by the success which has more or less accompanied their efforts---especially those of the first---in producing the choral music of the German school, that there is a large body of amateurs, in whom there exists a deep-rooted feeling, that music is somewhat more than the ingenious combination of sounds, that its proper cultivation has a certain potency in intellectualizing the mind, purifying the passions and refining the sentiments. *Esto perpetua*,---may this feeling grow up and flourish like a green tree among our countrymen of all classes and in all parts, till it shall have obtained the same intensity which is so observable in Germany and exercises so beneficial effect on the morals of that population.

Having thus endeavoured to sketch out the character of the different musical associations in the metropolis, all of which are or soon will be in active preparation for the coming season, and having shewn or tried to show that the improvements now becoming discernible in our musical world are owing far less to the monied patronage extended to foreign artists by the higher circles of society than to the glowing enthusiasm and well directed energy with which our most talented professors (seconded by the *elite* of our amateur musicians and some few others who are too independent to be led astray by fashion) have applied themselves to the business of presenting the best music, new and old, to form a solid basis for the national taste,---having, in short, tried to prove that a general love and knowledge of music must spring up among the people themselves---the masses of the community---and cannot descend from the exclusive circles of the aristocracy, we must at length bid adieu to a subject, in which it has been our wish to interest the reader as deeply as ourselves. To some the subject may appear trifling and unimportant; but when it is considered how large an amount of *innocent* amusement is furnished by music independently of its higher consequences to the character,

when it is considered how many excesses, crimes, and distresses might be avoided by so harmless and pleasing an occupation of leisure hours, few, we think, will dispute the advantages of musical education. Indeed it seems scarcely questionable that instruction in melody should form one of the objects contemplated in a system of national education. Let us hope, that the same good effects on the morals of the population, so perceptible in Germany from the cultivation of music, may be produced in this country. Much has been done in provincial towns, especially in the north, for the encouragement of musical taste among the operative classes and with the best effects:—we only hope that both professors and amateurs will unite in forwarding a general cultivation of that *which has an undoubted tendency to raise the morals and promote the comfort and happiness of the community.*

H. H. D.

TO JULIA.

By the Author of the "BRIDAL OF NAWORTH."

THE dream was sweet, alas! too sweet,
And fondly I believed it true;
Ah! give me back the pleasing cheat,
And I can bear its miseries too.

Perhaps the girl was not to blame;
Perhaps the fault was only mine,
To wish a woman's heart the same,
To hope on earth for joys divine.

'Twas youth which raised my hopes too high,
To bliss all other bliss above;
I thought—alas! fond, foolish boy—
Unchanged a woman's heart could love.

To me she seemed as pure and bright
As angels in an infant's dream:
Ah! why do mortals trust to sight,
Or think such forms are what they seem?

Why do the sweets of life decay
And leave the hapless wretch to mourn,
As roses quickly fade away,
And lingering leave the fatal thorn?

That kiss!—'twas thine, too lovely maid;
And thine!—what heart could doubt its truth?
But, oh! that precious kiss betrayed,—
Betrayed my soul, betrayed my youth.

Yes, Julia! thou hast well beguiled,
And I, perchance, as well believed;
Yet, ah! I fear, if Julia smiled,
This heart would be again deceived.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN BELGIUM.

MUCH has been written on the history of the sciences, fine arts, literature, and commercial matters, in Belgium; but, except in the academic memoir of Dean Heylen (*De Inventis Belgarum*, 1786) no one has as yet collected into a certain focus, through the medium of which it may be possible to seize the *tout-ensemble* at one glance, the vast productions and effects of human intelligence in that country; nor has any author taken upon himself the task—by no means a difficult one—of proving that the Belgians have been constantly in a highly progressive state of civilization and that they have not unfrequently been the means of exciting and aiding the mental energies of other nations. The materials of which we may make use to demonstrate these facts, are abundant, and not entirely confined to the mere *ipse dixit* or national prejudice of a Belgian historian; they may be collected from the writings of foreign authors who have not failed to recognise the inventive ability and ingenuity of a people whose territory occupies so small a space on the map of Europe.

Belgium is now an independent kingdom, which, although circumscribed to exceedingly narrow limits, may still one day stand conspicuously amongst the nations of the European continent, if its government continue to be wisely administered, and its vast resources appreciated and brought into action, as they are at present. Indeed, what country of the same territorial dimensions can boast a population so numerous, so industrious, and so arduous in every species of toil and labour, whether manual or mechanical? what country annually enjoys the benefits of such rich harvests? what tract of land, parallel in extent, can present to the eye of the traveller more numerous cities, and more magnificent villages? what soil gives a more varied species of natural productions?—in fine, where is the nation that more amply possesses the true elements of a real prosperity?

In an intellectual point of view, the energies of the Belgians did not materially develop themselves till about the commencement of the reign of Charlemagne; but since that period the arts and sciences have been cultivated and held in great respect in Belgium, particularly in the Flemish territories; and notwithstanding the repeated invasions of the barbarians, even before all the other countries of Europe, did commerce attain to a flourishing state, and trade was encouraged by fairs or markets in the different towns.

It is well known that the labours and influence of the monasteries in those obscure times essentially tended to soften the ferocious manners of the Belgians, and inspired them with a taste for agricultural pursuits. The genius of Charlemagne gave an immense impulse to these exertions, and assisted in a variety of ways the meritorious task which the priests imposed upon themselves. Liege, Saint Amand Lobbes, Saint-Bertin, and other towns of minor importance were endowed with large schools, whence emanated, for the benefit of France, Germany, and England, several learned professors whose talents have been duly appreciated and eulogised by ancient chroniclers.

Desroches has brought forward ample proofs to corroborate the belief that the sciences were extensively cultivated in Belgium so far back as the ninth century. About the termination of the tenth century, music first became recognised as a study of importance and delight; and at the same period, the celebrated Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders, congregated a host of bards, poets, and minstrels at his court.

The art of dyeing in scarlet, and the manufactures of linen and cloth, were already in a flourishing condition in the middle of the eleventh century. The uniformity of weights, and the regulation of measures, of which the introduction has been vaunted as a new and original plan, were established in Belgium and throughout the whole of Flanders by an ordinance published by Count Baudouin. About the same time, the arts of miniature-painting, sculpture, and working in gold and silver, had already obtained a considerable degree of repute, and raised the Belgian artizans to a peculiar eminence in the opinions of their less skilful neighbours.

It was in the thirteenth century that commerce and the manufactures attained to a remarkable degree of splendour. An increase of wealth—and, by consequence, of luxury—accompanied this prosperity; nor less did the sciences participate in the progressive march of civilization and improvement. John of Saint Amand, canon of Tournay, was one of the most eminent medical practitioners amongst the faculty of Paris. The Floral games did not then exist in France; but Belgium was already celebrated for her literary societies, known by the name of *Rhetorical Meetings*.

The fifteenth century was witness to the glorious reign of Philip the Good, one of the most "magnificent princes"—in the true oriental sense of the word, if the reader will allow us thus to apply it—that ever existed. The science of music was strenuously patronised and encouraged by this monarch; it was then befriended by Charles the Bold and by Margaret of Austria. M. Fétis, in many of his works, has adduced substantial evidence to prove that the Belgians were, in the middle ages, the resuscitators of that divine art. Painting was also indebted to them for a new existence, less perhaps for the invention and application of oil colours than for the admirable productions of Van Eck and Memling, whose master-pieces are still appreciated and in high reputation.

Never did the Belgians display a greater development of inventive genius than in the fifteenth century. The pages of history make frequent mention of the meritorious services rendered by them to the furtherance of the arts, sciences, and commercial interests. Never was the manufacture of lace—that *chef-d'œuvre* of human industry—carried to a higher degree of perfection. The palaces of kings were ornamented with the carpets produced from the Flemish looms—the public buildings and edifices of the principal towns in Belgium were the admiration of all visitors; and their markets were stocked with the choicest merchandise of the world. In those times Bruges became an object of emulation for even Venice. With regard to the progressive march of literature, it will suffice to name George Chatelain, Montrelet, James du Clercq, de la Marche, and Philip of

Comines, in order to recal to the memory of the intelligent reader the great patrons and votaries of the sciences and *belles lettres* in those days.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the invention of printing changed for the future the face of civilization in Europe, and gave a new aspect to the appearance of all matters, whether connected with politics, literature, or the fine arts. The new impulse that was thus given to the energies and capacities of man, was not less experienced in Belgium than its forceful efforts were perceived elsewhere. The Belgians applied themselves with ardour to improve upon the incipient knowledge of the art, and even carried the fruits of their labours to the French Capital itself. Josse Badius of Assche, amongst many others, established in Paris a press that subsequently attained a considerable degree of celebrity; and in imitation of the same plan, Plantin, the well-known rival of Etienne, founded at Antwerp one of the most extensive and magnificent printing-houses in the world.

It was about the period of the abdication of Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, that Belgium began to decline in importance amongst the states of Europe, and to lose its supremacy. During the forty years of that monarch's splendid reign, the arts, the sciences, every branch of literature, and the economy of trade, had been brought to a high state of perfection; but when Philip ascended the united thrones of Germany and Spain, England and Holland enriched themselves through a variety of circumstances all prejudicial to the commercial interests of Belgium, and built their own fortunes on the ruins of Flemish wealth. England supplanted the sinking nation in those manufactures that were once her own; and Holland appropriated to herself that extensive trade which had created the former prosperity of the Belgian merchants. The arts and sciences alone flourished as before; and they, even in the midst of civil feuds which desolated the country, found votaries and patrons to cultivate or protect them. Ortelius and Gérard Mercator considerably improved the geographical chart, and perfected the till then defective system of the science of geography; Josse Hondius, born at Wacken in Flanders, and celebrated as the founder of a long race of famous engravers, assisted the researches and views of his contemporary topographers by his numerous treatises on the subject, and by his improved maps; and, in other branches, Hopperus Damhoudere, Miræus, Meyer, Oudegherst, and several more eminent characters contributed to the literary reputation of their country in those times.

Painting, statuary, and the art of engraving have also produced their great masters. Denys Calvert was a famous painter, of whom Antwerp has the honour to be the birth-place: Michael Coxie, Franck Flore, Charles Van Mander, and François Pörbus, are still remembered by an applauding posterity. In the year 1450, Martin Schænganer of Antwerp introduced to his native land the art of printing designs by means of moulds cut into the surface of smooth metal planks, and thereby established for himself a permanent and enviable reputation. It must not however be imagined that he was

the original inventor of this art ; he merely learnt and borrowed it from its illustrious originator, Thomaso Finiguerra. Spain and Italy sought in those times the statues sculptured by Jean de Juni and Gillis Van der Riviere,* and demonstrated the high opinion they entertained of those works, by the ardour with which they coveted the possession of them. But the rage of Iconoclasm, or image-breaking, which succeeded to the propagation of the reformation, speedily dispersed the *chef-d'œuvres* of those celebrated artists, who were obliged to esteem themselves only too happy that they were spared the horrors of expatriation and foreign exile to avoid persecution and the appalling effects of secular fanaticism. Alas ! how grievously have the progressive marches of the arts and sciences been often-times retarded by the wild excesses or mistaken intolerance of wretches, who, in the mad moments of religious fervour as they fancied their unholy excitement to be, would have been delighted to plunge intelligent man into a vortex of superstition and ignorance, where they could have modelled his mind to suit their own purposes, to submit to their tyrannies, and to kneel at their seats of usurped power, by working on his fears and stunning him with a variety of arguments his want of education could neither comprehend nor refute !

The arts and sciences were not neglected by the Belgians in the sixteenth century. The study of medicine and anatomy was essentially benefitted and facilitated by the elucidations of André Vesale ; botanical researches were advantageously pursued and illustrated by Charles de Langhe and François Van Sierbeck ; while history, astronomy, geography, geology, &c., were successfully cultivated by Simon Steven, Gregory Saint Vincent, Godfrey Wendelin, Ferdinand Verbrést, and François d'Aguillan of Brussels. The progress that was made in all these various branches by their ancient professors, demonstrates the superiority of human intelligence in Belgium at that period to the knowledge and literary acquirements of the Flemish at the present day.

Useless were it to recal to the minds of our readers all the obligations under which the arts lie to Rubens, whose talents cast so much lustre on the seventeenth century ; or to his illustrious disciples, Vandyck, Crayer, Van Hœk, Jordaëus, and others. Nor is it more than necessary to cite the names of Breughel, Teniers, and Van Oost. In sculpture and architecture the two brothers Duquesnoy of Brussels, Kœberger of Antwerp, Henry Pascheu, and François Romain have left behind them splendid monuments of taste and elegance.

During the last century the arts and sciences have also flourished. John Palfyn made many precious discoveries in anatomy, and Noël Joseph Necker published a work of extraordinary merit on botany. Leonard Vanderlinden of Brussels was the first who taught zoology in that town ; Sanderus, Paquot, Joseph Guesquiere, Count de Nény, Joseph Rapsaert, Martin de Bast, Charles Dierix, &c., by their immense and laborious researches materially contributed to enlighten the historians of their country, and inculcated in the breasts of the Belgians that affection for the study of history which characterizes them even at the present day. The names of Suvée, Ducq,

* This celebrated sculptor is generally called by the Italians, *Egidio Fiamingo*.

Balthazar Ommeganck, and Pierre Joseph Redouté remind us of four individuals who attained to an eminent rank in the catalogue of distinguished painters. Anthony Cardon became one of the most celebrated modern engravers; and all the nations of Europe have produced disciples of the famous Gérard Edelinck. Chasing and working in gold and silver were brought to a high state of perfection by Pierre de Fraine and Nicholas Mivian, of Liege. Michel Rysbrack, whom the English selected to make the mausoleum of the immortal Newton and the equestrian statue of William the Third, was a native of Antwerp. Lastly, mechanics were illustrated by Pierre Denis of Mons, on whom Delille has bestowed the flattering title of the *Modern Archimedes*.

Many illustrious names have been necessarily omitted in the above short sketch; but it is our intention, in a future article, to retrace our steps, and, in pursuing the same ground, to make elaborate mention of the discoveries and inventions for which the world is indebted to Belgium, as well as to give a perspicuous sketch of the progress of their literature, from the warlike airs composed by Louis the Third on the defeat of the Normans in 883, to the present time.

PARISIANUS.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. L. MILES.

Suggested from an Engraving in Ackermann's "Flowers of Loveliness," for 1838.

As rapidly the maiden's wheel
 With murm'ring hum goes round,
 Oft languidly her blue eyes steal
 A wistful glance around.
 "Why tarries he?—the poplars cast
 Deep shadows o'er the dell;
 The promised hour is come, and past,—
 Pray heaven, my love is well."
 Dim is her eye—that cheek no more
 With healthful current glows;
 Can ought joy's radiant beams restore—
 Refresh the faded rose?
 Ah! ne'er again upon that heart
 Shall hope's sweet balm descend;
 A victim to the wiler's art,
 Her fairy visions end.
 A hurried note—a blotted scroll,
 The fatal truth conveys;
 A dark cloud gathers o'er her soul,
 And grief usurps her days.
 And he—the false one—heedeth not
 The blow so harshly dealt;
 His fervent vows are all forgot;
 Her silent wrongs unfelt.
 But yet shall come a torturing hour,
 When, conscience-stricken—pale—
 Hot tears shall fall for that sweet flower,
 Which perished in the vale.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

(Concluded from page 415.)

THE rapid progress made on the continent during the last twenty years, in all the useful arts of social and refined life, should be sufficient to convince even the ambitious, that peace is the true road to national greatness. The energies of two or three hundred thousand men, which, devoted to war, would only devastate a country to fill up a page in history, if employed in fabricating the comforts of modern life, would diffuse enjoyment among millions. If, therefore, national wealth, population, enlightenment, and happiness, be, as they ought, the true object of a monarch's ambition, these may all unquestionably be much more surely attained by peace than by war, for the acquisition of new territory is a comparatively worthless description of ambition. It is, however, no more than candid to confess, that an excursion through Prussia and Austria, where the people enjoy most of the best blessings of good government, though without its safest machinery, does in some measure tend to blunt the keen edge of one's hatred to absolutism. It would be interesting to calculate, were there data from which it could be done, the comparative progress of the arts during an equal period of war and of peace, and the result would doubtless be a decision infinitely in favour of peace; for the progress of manufactures in England, during war, is no proof against what is here alleged, as our country was not the theatre of slaughter, and the people were not torn from their peaceful occupations.

The people of Stuttgart are in their appearance interesting, and it is not unworthy of remark, that the finest blow of beauty which Germany has yet exhibited, was in the theatre of this little capital, round the boxes of which the native flowers were conspicuously arranged in smiling loveliness, from the large peony style of complexion and comeliness, which the king is reputed to admire, down to the purer roses of less ample dimensions and more delicate hues—all had evidently made their most elaborate toilets, and wore looks of self-satisfaction, suitable to the elegance of their adornments and the royal nature of the fête. In Wirtemberg, as well as Prussia, travellers never experience any difficulty in getting forward by the mail conveyance, as the establishment is bound to furnish such additional carriages as may be necessary for whatever number of passengers present themselves. The country between Stuttgart and Heidelberg is, like the rest of Wirtemberg, hilly, and we soon reached the frontiers, for it would scarcely over-fatigue a good fox-hunter to ride across this compact little kingdom in a day. Heidelberg is prettily situated on the river Neckar, and is a moderately agreeable town. Its chateau, tun, university museum, and small private picture gallery, are the sights for the curious. The university numbers among its men of science, Professor Tielman, who is distinguished by one of the most finely formed heads in Europe; and that its manifestations are corresponding, no true disciple of phrenology need doubt.

The drive from Heidelberg to Frankfort is one of the finest which

Germany presents. On our right the hills were covered with vines to the road side; while, on our left, the rich alluvial plain stretching towards the Rhine was well cultivated, and offered a fine but perhaps over-level contrast. We chanced to have, as a fellow-traveller in the diligence, a young lady of humble rank from one of the Calvinistic districts of Switzerland, who was proceeding to Germany to fill a situation as nursery governess. The party was, as is not unusual, chiefly English; and as the ruler of the nursery rather piqued the self-love of her fellow-travellers, by preferring the contents of a book to their conversation, I ventured, on a suitable opportunity occurring, to proffer an exchange of books, not doubting that hers was a romance. The title proved—" *Que faut-il faire pour être sauvé ?*" On reading which, one of us presumed to remark, " *Soyez tranquille, Mademoiselle, toutes les jolies femmes sont sauvées naturellement.*" The incense was not offered in vain, so that we were all benefitted by her entering into an animated conversation, and the young lady has no doubt since learnt that the object of her little book is not in Germany considered so difficult of attainment as in Switzerland.

Darmstadt is chiefly a modern town, and is clean, regular, and handsome. The grand duke's principal residence is here, but he happens at present not to be in good odour with the people of his little duchy, as the taxes are considered somewhat burdensome. The late grand duke's taste for music is stated to have amounted to a degree of harmonious craze, and Darmstadt had, during his life, one of the best operas of Germany. By this means he managed to keep the minds of his subjects in tune; but since his death, the people finding that the opera is worse, while the taxes are higher, have become dissatisfied. A characteristic anecdote related of the old duke states, that one day, while engaged at the rehearsal of an opera, an alarm of fire was given, and all the company were about to rush out, when the duke begged they would first enquire where the conflagration was. It was immediately ascertained to be at the palace; on hearing which, he requested they would oblige him by proceeding with the rehearsal, as there was an abundance of people at the castle to attend to the fire. It has been alleged that his peculiarities must have been imported by some German traveller for Sir Walter Scott's use, and that he was in some respects the original from which his good king René was drawn. The present duke is, however, supposed to be suffering for his father's musical extravagance, in the unpopularity arising from an exhausted treasury; and he is further unfortunate in having for an immediate neighbour the prince of Nassau, one of the most popular in Germany, whose territory being comparatively rich, the taxes are not felt to be oppressive. The comparisons which, under such circumstances, cannot fail to be drawn, are very unfavourable to the government of the present grand duke of Darmstadt; and many of his peasantry are seeking in emigration to the new world a relief from the taxation they so loudly complain of in the old.

We reached Frankfort in time for the last two days of the fair, of the existence of which we had an immediate proof, in not being able to obtain rooms in the first hotel. In sauntering through some of the second-rate streets, we found a number of tents full of Dutch toys, pipes, cutlery, &c., which was all that met our view of the commerce

of the occasion. The fair has, however, already lasted nearly four weeks, and yesterday notice was given, as usual, that strangers must no longer vend their wares in Frankfort. Though there are some very handsome streets here, yet there are also more than a sufficient number of an opposite description, as might be expected in so ancient a city. The halls of the *Maison de Ville* are enriched by portraits of all the elected emperors of Germany for many centuries; and this honour, which has now ceased, appears to have fallen latterly altogether into the hands of the Austrian family; while it is a singular coincidence, that the last niche remaining in the wall is occupied by a portrait of the late emperor of Austria, who was the last elected emperor of Germany. Frankfort for many generations prided herself in the honour of having the elected emperors crowned within her walls. The numbers of Protestants and Catholics are here so equal, that it is difficult to say which sect predominates; but there is also a considerable number of Jews; and Frankfort is the *Ville de Naissance* of all the Rothschilds. The new cemetery, at a little distance from the town, is tasteful and extensive, including among its arrangements rooms where the dead bodies of poor persons, whose relatives have not proper accommodation, may be placed till the period of their interment arrives. While so placed, springs attached to bells are put in contact with their hands, and are intended to give notice to the persons in attendance, should any moving principle of life remain. Other preparations are also made in case any of the sleepers should awake; but it is almost unnecessary to say, that during the eight years of the system, no instance of reanimation has occurred, and probably during a century to come none may arise. The intention is, however, highly creditable to the benevolent feeling of the inhabitants and authorities of Frankfort. One of the principal attractions here is the statue of Ariadne seated on a Panther, by Danneker. The figure is so perfectly beautiful that one might almost have excused the old sculptor had he proved a modern Pygmalion; but the professor has done better, for at nearly eighty years of age he proved not insensible to the softer charms of a youthful lady, who now cheers his declining years as *Madam D*—; and it is pleasing to find that the heart of so ancient a sculptor has not been quite converted into marble. In Ariadne the artist has realized the perfection of form and loveliness, without that expression of soul which is the chief charm in the works of many other sculptors. In looking at Canova's *Venus*, for instance, one's eyes constantly turn to the face to contemplate the expression of modesty and of soul which there so enchantingly co-exist; whereas in this, by Danneker, the eyes are contented to rest chiefly on the charms of figure, and it would be difficult to decide which is the higher achievement,—a countenance so lovely as to cause the figure to be overlooked, or a form so perfect that the face is almost forgotten. Had Lord Byron studied this Ariadne, he would scarcely have spoken so disparagingly of the “nonsense of the stone ideal.” The museum of natural history here is extensive, and the picture gallery, which is the Sunday afternoon lounge, is not deficient in interest; containing many good Flemish pictures, a beautiful sea-view by Claude, and a splendid work by Canaletti. There are also some good modern pictures, particularly one by Professor Schadow of Dusseldorf, illus-

trating a sacred subject, the expression of which is calculated to produce as elevating an effect on the mind as the works of many of the first ancient masters; but time alone can mellow tints. This city is understood to be rich in the pride of wealth and the aristocracy of commerce. At Cassino several of the English papers may be seen, and that most obliging of bankers, the English consul, is always polite enough to facilitate the admission of strangers who have occasion to communicate with him.

Frankfort has at length reluctantly become a member of the German commercial confederation,—a step so manifestly injurious to her prosperity, as political subserviency to the greater powers of Germany can alone explain; and when an independent commercial city thus sacrifices her interests at the dictation of others, it is reasonable to infer that she is no longer really free. The manufacturers of Prussia and Saxony do not of course require, like those of England, to make a depôt of Frankfort, as they can supply their merchandise to the various towns of Germany by direct channels of communication; but if Frankfort had continued true to her own interests, all the custom-house officers of the confederation could not have excluded British manufactures from the extensive country which surrounds her. At present, Saxon cottons appear to be the most used and esteemed in this quarter, but a manufacturing spirit is now establishing itself in the Prussian provinces of the Rhine; so that, though Saxony may be at present a principal gainer by the convention, Prussia is likely soon to reap the chief advantages as regards both profit and influence. Many observations which I have recently heard in the smaller states confirm the inference that the military pride of the Prussians causes them to be disliked privately throughout Germany. Whether the fact of their being a more energetic people arises from constitutional difference and superior intelligence, or is the result of conscious national superiority as compared with their neighbours, it would be difficult to determine. The high tone and intelligence of their government has however communicated itself to the officials, and, through them and the press, is diffused among the whole body of the people. The pride of nationality, politically considered, thus produces much good, and the Prussians appear to possess it in a higher degree than any of the other people in Germany. A very probable solution of the greater smartness of the people is the three years' military training they undergo; and however great an encroachment this may be on personal liberty, yet, if the effect is that the individuals are thus improved for life, it may be considered even to them as gain. Corporal punishment is not permitted in the Prussian service, and every circumstance tends to cause military life to be highly regarded, while the three years of military training must doubtless afford a host of agreeable reminiscences, when the young soldiers become in after-life duly citizenized; and even the callous thus acquire some national spirit. It will probably become a matter of imperative necessity for the smaller states of Germany, as a means of self-defence, not only to imitate the Prussian system of military training, but to maintain a good understanding with each other; else it is more than probable that many of them may ere long cease to occupy a place in the political map of Europe.

Rail-roads, cotton-mills, and beet-root sugar manufactories, are at

present her chief outlets for what little speculative spirit the Germans possess. Rail-ways are talked of from Frankfort to Mayence, to Leipsic and to Carlsruhe; but the number of small states through which they must pass, and the revenue at present derived by the various governments from posting and public travelling, are serious obstacles to their formation. Beet-root sugar manufactories have long existed in France, and for some time in Belgium, but are new in this quarter. If, however, they are advantageous concerns in the former countries, they must be much more so in central Germany, in consequence of the greater cheapness of land and labour, as well as the increased expense of transporting tropical sugar from the more distant sea coasts. The principal objection to this description of sugar seems to be, that, though when properly refined its colour is beautiful, there is comparatively little sweetness in proportion to the bulk. If Germany annually imports, as is stated, fifty million pounds of cotton twist from England, and pays the confederation duty on it, amounting to half a million of dollars, it follows that this amount is capable of being saved to the consumers as soon as the spinning machinery of Germany is sufficiently extensive to supply the requisite quantity. It is, therefore, reasonable to infer, that the demand on England must shortly cease for this article.

It has long been much the fashion for the press in Germany to speak of England as a country on the eve of ruin by its debt. They either do not, or will not, know our wealth, industry, and resources, as compared with Germany; for it would be just as reasonable to suppose an English nobleman ruined because he owed as much as would make bankrupt a highland laird. Nothing therefore could have more surprised these prophets of evil than the twenty millions paid by England for negro emancipation, and that a nation they had been writing of as ruined, should pay such a sum voluntarily for an object of benevolence, and borrow the amount without affecting the value of her debt, did seem to them passing strange.

It was yesterday remarked to me, by a lady of this country, that she did not like Mrs. T.'s book on Germany, because she praised every thing, except the smoking of the gentlemen. This is certainly the last accusation which some years since one could have imagined ever to have been brought against that authoress, but every thing in this country has happily appeared *couleur de rose*, so that she really does seem to have been making atonement to the Germans and the Parisians for her offences against the people of the new world. As regards the Germans this is scarcely to be wondered at, for the mildness and amiability of their manners is such as to disarm criticism, and whether one judges of them by physiognomy or demeanour, they seem so devoid of malevolence that a traveller might be almost justified in concluding, that more malice and uncharitableness exists in a district of some countries than in a German kingdom. Thus the "School for Scandal" would scarcely, I conceive, be considered by a German audience as a natural picture. The delicacy of Mrs. T.'s language, the point of her remarks, and the keenness of her powers of observation, render it highly desirable that she should continue her literary pilgrimage, and keeping in view the German lady's remark, really point out such improveable peculiarities of mind or manners as she may meet with. No one is more able to enact

the censor, and if she succeed in persuading the ladies of Germany to moderate their excessive devotion to domestic drudgeries, and betake themselves to the pursuits of literature, their country will owe her an eternal debt of gratitude for its increased refinement. On this subject, a professor of *Belle Lettres* has beautifully remarked, that after gaiety has lost its charm, and society its powers to soothe,—when friends and fortune have flown, and even character may have been misrepresented, literature is the mind's best resource, and frequently proves more fruitful in rational enjoyment than the more worldly blessings that are departed. The Germans being a peculiarly reflective people, this falling back upon literature would be to them even more appropriate than to the English, for Madame de Stael has honourably characterized their country as “the land of thought.” Indeed it is so much a land of thought, that it is perhaps scarcely sufficiently a land of action. There are, I believe, comparatively few female German writers, and those are chiefly of Prussia and Saxony; but that there are numbers well qualified to shine in all the lighter departments of literature need not be doubted. Mrs. S., the talented and sole representative of her sex in the courts of science, is this season also travelling in Germany; affording another glorious example of mental cultivation to its ladies, among whom the higher mathematics are not at present in much repute. Several anecdotes with which we became acquainted at Frankfort led to the conclusion that an enlightened commercial aristocracy, such as here exists, is equally or perhaps more favourable to intelligence, and the establishment of benevolent charities, than that description of aristocracy which usually surrounds a German court.

The drive from Frankfort to Mayence is pleasant, and the country is one of considerable agricultural richness. Mayence itself is so dull a town, that the only subject which can interest a stranger is making a comparison between the Prussian and Austrian troops which assist the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt in doing its garrison duty. Soon after leaving Mayence by the steam-boat, we passed the celebrated Johannisberg vineyard, of which many desire to taste the produce, but comparatively few really do so. Previous to the French revolution this valuable vineyard appertained to an ecclesiastic, and was afterwards given by Napoleon to Marshal Kellerman; while finally at the Congress of 1815, being placed at the disposal of the Emperor of Austria, it was presented by him to the present proprietor, Prince Metternich.

To a person who had previously sailed both up and down the Rhine,—who had seen it in sunshine and in mist,—with the eyes of soberness and reason on one occasion, and under the influence of its own produce on the other, there remained no means of increasing its charms by novelty. If “the best of life is but intoxication,” it might probably have been pardonable to have this day sought from Rhine wine, that excitement which an unfavourable atmosphere prohibited the Rhine scenery from affording: being, however, as yet only morning, the stimulus of coffee was all that decorum permitted an indulgence in.

R. C.

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

NOVEMBER.

All Saints and All Souls.—Travelling in November.—London Fogs.—Charles Lamb in his glory.—Dr. Kitchener's eccentricities.—Bathing.—Varley, the astrological artist.—Gunpowder plot.—Oyster-shell grottoes.—Landing of King William the Third.—Queen Elizabeth's accession.—The devil and the pope.—Lord Mayor's day.—The Queen's intended visit to the city.—New portrait of her majesty, not Chalon's.—Anecdote of Queen Victoria at Brighton.—Martinmas feasting.—Black puddings and punning.—Meteors, heavenly and earthly.—Queen Victoria's first parliament.—Ministerial difficulties.—The Queen killed with kindness.—Messrs. Hume and Russell.—Prediction.—The *real* corporation feast.—St. Cecilia.—St. Catherine and her votaries.—Order of St. Catherine of Mount Sinai.—Order of knighthood for the ladies.—Singed sheep's-heads and haggess.—St. Andrew of Scotland.—Origin of the order of the Thistle.—Russian Order of St. Andrew.

THIS present month of November, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, is likely to prove a busy month amongst sinners as well as amongst saints. It may boast almost of as many Saints' days—feasts, fasts, and other days of superstition and historic note—as it can count astronomical days. At a few of these we shall slightly glance. And first of all, on its very first day is the feast of *All Saints and All Souls*! Amongst many other superstitions, and even horrible ceremonies, still practised in Roman Catholic countries on the eve and day of All Souls, "the churches are hung with black, the tombs are opened, a coffin covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church, and in one corner figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased, are half-way plunged into the flames." This wretched mummary, which to the present day is carried to an incredible and revolting extent in some parts of the continent—parts in which a popish priesthood is the ruling power, keeping the land in darkness and in slavery—is understood to have originated in a most idle and ridiculous story. It can hardly be necessary to remind the reader that by certain visionaries of the by-gone times Mount Etna was regarded as one of the grand entrances to the great underground palace of the prince of the power of the air—a dwelling, the plain homespun name of which it is not usual to mention within the hearing of "ears polite." A holy father, we are told—lamentable that history should be silent as to his name—in passing through Sicily, and visiting Mount Etna, on his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, heard the demons within complaining that many departed souls were taken out of their hands by the prayers of the Cluniac monks. The father reported the extraordinary *fact* to Odilo, his abbot, who, not less piously inclined, immediately appointed this day for incessant prayer for all departed souls. In the English church, on the other hand, the fast is said to have been instituted in memory of all good men defunct, proposing them as patterns for Christian imitation, but not allowing prayers to be addressed to them.

Few persons, it is presumed, have any violent inclination to travel for pleasure in the dull, the dark, the damp, the dreary month of November—that month in which razors and ropes, dangling and strangling, cutting, shooting, and drowning, are held to be in more than usual requisition amongst us malt-consuming, beef-eating, fog-inhaling islanders. Yet the honest, kind-hearted, cheerful-spirited Charles Lamb—how strange must have been the good creature's idiosyncrasy!—found himself in his seventh heaven of enjoyment in the midst of a substantial London fog—a fog so dense and solid, that a sculptor, with suitable mallet and chisel, might hew out of it a model of St. Paul's as large as life. Yes, Charles Lamb was in all his glory when he could parade Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, the lights in the street lamps and shops being dimly visible, and the rumbling of carriages, the shouts of link-boys, the clatter of many voices, and the shrieks of scared passengers almost frightening the land from its propriety. We should like to have seen, had *seeing* been possible, his Quaker friend, Bernard Barton, with him upon one of these occasions. And then the merry, joyous suppers that followed—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—the multitudinous tankards of ale, the bowls of smoking-hot punch, the odoriferous fumes of the sacred "weed!" To Charles Lamb and his few choice associates this was a banquet worthy of the gods.

We have said that few people can be expected to travel for *pleasure* in the month of November. However, there is no accounting for tastes; and some there are who *would* travel even if it were, in sailor-phraseology, to "rain marline-spikes with their points downwards;" and others there are who *must* travel from *necessity*. To all travellers, therefore, we say, in the words of that sage and super-eminently philosophical writer upon all subjects, Dr. Kitchener, "Remember, a catarrh is a disease which very commonly ends in an inflammation of the lungs; or, what is as frequent, and much worse, an asthma or consumption: one half of these arise from inattention to what is called a *common cold*." As a preventive of these evils the doctor judiciously recommends a cold or tepid bath, or sponging all over in the morning. Of this we can say, *probatum est*. Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that bathing, whether cold, tepid, warm, or hot, subjects the patient to a risk of taking cold. Cold or tepid bathing in the morning is a most refreshing and invigorating practice, and should be pertinaciously persisted in all the year round. After a journey, Dr. Kitchener also recommends placing the feet in warm water for two minutes before going to bed. And we can add, that of all safe and salutary travelling beverages, there is nothing so excellent as cold weak brandy-and-water.

Of Dr. Kitchener it could not fairly be said, as of Falstaff, that he "was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others;" as of Yorick, that he was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;" but he was certainly a very great oddity in his way. Setting aside his peculiarity of carrying with him a case of his own concocted sauces when he went out to dine, and a thousand other whims equally ridiculous, he had about four hobbies, upon one or more of which he was always sure to jump up and ride before any person had been five minutes in his company. In music and optics, cookery and astronomy, he was perfectly *au fait*—in his own estimation. On either of these subjects

Make
aqua Vitae
aqua Theriac
miser et bibe ad salutem

he was twice as *bad*, and never half so *good*, as that other child of eccentricity, John Varley, on the exhaustless theme of judicial astrology. Are any of our fair friends acquainted with John Varley? Yes, many; and they know him to be a capital painter and a capital fortune-teller. Many a wiser head than his own has John Varley thrown into a whirl by his skill, real or pretended, in the *occult science*. At all events, however, as a painter, he is a man of genius. Kitchener thought so of himself, but no one else thought so of him. But he was loyal, and of course patriotic—desirous of increasing the revenue of the country. For instance, in that oracular work of his, “The Traveller’s Oracle,” “Enquire,” he says, “what days the post comes in, and on your first arrival, especially in a foreign country, for fear of a miscarriage (which, however, rarely happens), *write by each post till you get an answer.*” This was one way, certainly, to insure punctuality of reply; and particularly pleasant and amusing to those who regarded economy in postage. We beg leave to suggest that printed circulars might be useful on such occasions.

*Pleasant
to the one
who pays
postage.*

Of infinitely livelier interest than All Souls’ day—to the juvenile part of the community at least—is the memorable 5th of November.

“ ’Tis good to remember,
The *Fifth of November*,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot;
There’s abundance of reason
To think of the treason,
Then why should it e’er be forgot?”

“God grant,” exclaimed the pious bishop Sanderson, in one of his sermons, “that we nor ours ever live to see November the fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced.” *Amen!*

Independently, however, of religious and patriotic considerations, we love the boys and their bonfires, and their wildfires, squibs and crackers, and the joyous exultation with which they sacrifice their “Guys” on the 5th of November. The feeling is an *English* one, and deserves to be encouraged: we always disburse our coppers freely on this day. Widely different is the mendicant custom introduced within these few years at the commencement of the oyster season, when, by a gang of shoeless brats of both sexes, we are assailed by the snivelling cry of, “Pray remember the grotto! *only once a year.*” We never give to *them*: they ought to be sent home, soundly whipped, and put supperless to bed.

The 5th of November is memorable also for the landing of William the Third in 1688. By the superstitious of the time the coincidence was deemed miraculous.

Another bonfire and illumination affair, noted and celebrated as recently as the year 1684, was the accession of Queen Elizabeth, on the 17th of November. The figure of the pope was usually burnt upon this occasion; a circumstance which may probably account for the fifth of November boys frequently confounding his holiness with Guy Fawkes, his agent. “In the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for November 1760, vol. xxx. p. 514,” observes Brand, in his valuable work on “Popular Antiquities,” “is an account of the remarkable cavalcade on the evening of this day in the year 1679, at the time the Exclusion Bill was in agitation, copied from ‘Lord Somers’s Collection,’ vol. xx. The pope, it

should seem, was carried on this occasion in a pageant representing a chair of state covered with scarlet, richly embroidered and fringed; and at his back, not an effigy, but a person representing the devil, acting as his holiness's privy counsellor; and frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering to him, and oftentimes instructing him aloud. The procession was set forth at Moorgate, and passed first to Aldgate, thence through Leadenhall Street, by the Royal Exchange and Cheapside, to Temple Bar. The statue of the queen on the inner or eastern side of Temple Bar having been conspicuously ornamented, the figure of the pope was brought before it, when, after a song, partly alluding to the protection afforded by Elizabeth to protestants and partly to the existing circumstances of the times, a vast bonfire having been prepared over against the Inner Temple gate, his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the impartial flames; the crafty devil leaving his infallibilityship in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his deserved ignominious end as subtle Jesuits do at the ruin of bigotted lay catholics, whom themselves have drawn in."

An author of the time, speaking of Elizabeth, and also quoted by Brand, says: "This might well be a great promoter of the tallow-chandlers' welfare; *for marvellous illuminations will be set forth in every window*, as emblems of her shining virtues; *and will be stuck in clay*, to put the world in mind that grace, wisdom, beauty, and virginity, were unable to preserve *the best of women* from mortality. Alack, and a-well-a-day for grace, wisdom, beauty, virginity, and *the best of women!*"

As upon a former occasion, the mention of Queen Elizabeth brings us to Queen Victoria; though, impressed with a sense of the truth of the adage, that "comparisons are odious," we have not the slightest intention of drawing a parallel between the two.

Queen Victoria, it appears, means to do the new lord mayor of London and the corporation the honour of dining with them on the 9th of November, that important day of civic pomp and festivity.

We recollect not whence the following parody upon a speech in Shakspeare is derived, but it is good:—

"Suppose that you have seen
The new-appointed mayor at Queen Stairs,
Embark his royalty: his Town company
With silken streamers, the young gazers pleasing,
Painted with different fancies;—have beheld
Upon the golden galleries music playing,
And the horns echo, which do take the lead
Of other sounds;—now view the city barge
Draw its huge bottom through the furrowed Thames,
Breasting the adverse surge: O do but think
You stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
London herself on her proud stream afloat;
For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster."

Let us not anticipate. It is, we believe, on the 7th that her majesty is to leave Brighton, on her return to London, to grace and honour the civic dinner of one of Dick Whittington's official descendants on the

9th. Thus she will obtain two nights' rest, by which to recruit after the fatigues of her journey, and one clear day of preparation for the awful event. Her majesty's ministers will not, we presume, place their *veto* upon the intended royal visit, as was the case respecting that of the late king upon a similar occasion. They are not, just now, afraid of bludgeons, and brick-bats, and bullets—that the very stones of the street will rise up in judgment against them.

We are much in the secret upon this business—the proceedings, arrangements, &c. &c. &c.: that is, we know as much as any body else seems to know—nothing. All that we have been able to learn, for a certainty, is, that the city people are in a most outrageous bustle—apparently in a state of absolute bewilderment. We wish them well through it.

We shall be satisfied, too, if the queen be as much pleased with her city *entrée* as she was with that at Brighton; though, even there, some things might have been managed better. It was ours to witness her arrival. Victoria is *not* handsome, in the strict sense of the word; yet her face is one that the eye *must* rest upon, for it is full of *thought*, and has a touch of *sadness*, as though the crown weighed on the brow too heavily—an intellectual brow, with an air of decision about the mouth. But although *mind* was apparent, there seemed not to be "*music* beaming from her face;" in short, there was an absence—momentarily, perhaps—of the *poetry* of early youth—of the bright and sunny smile. She *never* smiled; but then, she was tired, and timid, and nervous. At the moment, however, grey-beards as we are, we imagined *ourselves* at her age—in her place; and we mentally exclaimed—"Why, if *we* saw such proofs of a people's homage—their universal love—our eyes would rain tears of rapture, and that carriage would not withhold us, if not from *mingling* with our loyal subjects, *at least*, telling them that their dutiful love went to our *heart of hearts*! Ah! who would be a queen, if the price be the early bloom of a youthful heart!"

We were told that, after all, her majesty experienced a sense of disappointment at her reception; for that instead of the splendid array that awaited her arrival, she had set her heart upon seeing the old men and women, and charity children, dine on the Steyne, as had been the arrangement at Windsor; in which case she would have alighted and walked through the crowd; whereas, said she, "they have made a *show* of *ME*, but have not given a little feast to my poor." This was a beautiful and kind saying—one that ought never to be forgotten.

Feasting, of a character somewhat different from that of Guildhall, was formerly much in vogue about the time of the festival of St. Martin, on the 11th of November. St. Martin, a native of Hungary, was originally a soldier; but afterwards, he, like many a gallant soldier of our own day, when the sword became rusty in the scabbard, took holy orders. He became bishop of Tours, in France, an office which he held for six-and-twenty years. Anciently it was a custom universally prevalent in this country, now restricted to villages here and there, to kill cows, oxen, swine, &c., to be cured for winter consumption, when fresh provisions were not to be had. But *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*: we are wiser now. Still, however, Martinmas is known as "black-pudding time" down in the north; and the taste for black-pud-

dings serve to show that our forefathers were as much addicted to the sin of punning as we are ; for, in illustration of the feeling, that in marriage high birth without fortune was worthless, the common people have the homely punning adage, that "*blood without groats* (one of the main ingredients of a black-pudding) is nothing." The love for this savoury food, still universal throughout Germany, is unquestionably derived from our Saxon ancestors, who, at Martinmas, held a joyous "feast of sausages," or gut-puddings. Nor do they *eat* upon the Abernethian system, without *drinking*. Upon the continent this is the season for *tasting* the new wines. This continental feasting at Martinmas is thought to be derived from "an ancient Athenian festival observed in honour of Bacchus on the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of the month Anthesterion, corresponding with our November. Old Martinmas-day, on the 23rd of November, is one of the ancient quarterly periods of the year at which, perhaps, even at this time, a few rents become payable.

Astronomers tell us, that on the nights of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of November there have been seen, for many years past, and in different parts of the world, immense showers of brilliant fiery meteors. M. Arago, the celebrated French astronomer, has broached a new and curious theory upon this subject, to which, however, our limits permit us only to refer the reader. At present we can regard those *heavenly* phenomena only as precursors of certain *earthly* meteors which may be looked for in Westminster on the 15th of the month. Yes, on the 15th of November, the day on which Queen Victoria's first parliament is to assemble, many a political meteor will make its brief appearance in the circumscribed sphere of the Lower House. It has been demi-officially announced, that the house will immediately proceed to the election of a Speaker ; but whether the Conservatives mean to attempt a trial of strength on the occasion is yet in doubt. From the numbers, weight, and respectability, in every sense of the word, of the *English* portion of the House of Commons, drawn up in array against them, it is impossible but that ministers must feel themselves in extremity ; and, as their case is desperate, some desperate measure on their part is looked for. According to that philosopher and prophet, H.B., the "Queen is in danger."

To the real political predilections of her majesty, if she have any, it seems impracticable to obtain any clew : she is so incessantly beset, in her walks, in her rides, in her drives, at her dinner and evening parties, by her good lady mother the duchess of Kent, and her leech-like adherents, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, *cum multis aliis* of the same *clique*, that, were she desirous of originating any conservative sentiment or opinion, the gate of opportunity seems sternly barred against her. It was a beautiful exhibition, that of Joseph Hume and Lord John Russell walking cheek-by-jole, upon the chain pier at Brighton, in presence of their Queen. Were any venturesome Conservative to make his approach within half a dozen yards of royalty, we should not be surprised to hear of his being arrested on suspicion of being suspected of high treason as in the glorious days of the French Republic. In fact, judging from appearances, her majesty is in the predicament of a child in leading-strings—she cannot be trusted a yard without two or three state nurses. We venture to predict that, some day or other, her proud spirit—for she *has* a

proud spirit—a proud *English* spirit—will rise against this thralldom, and that the man who now carries things with so high and so reckless a hand, will,

“Like the dew-drop from the lion’s mane,
Be shook to air!”

It would be a woeful affair for the good turtle-loving feeders of our corporation, were the Queen’s visit to the City to be the means of depriving them of their own proper feast at the annual season of commencing office. They know better. At first, the new Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs intended to dine at the Guildhall on the 15th; but, as that happened to be the day appointed for the meeting of parliament, they, not wishing that there should be ought to interfere with their enjoyment, very sensibly deferred the day to the 16th, when, no doubt, there will be, as the Newspapers inform us, “a great abundance of the luxuries of life.”

The 22nd of the month stands for the festival of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, who, according to ancient legends and modern verse, drew an angel down from heaven by the charms of her own divine melody. According to Dryden, Timotheus

“raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down”

St. Cecilia was a Roman lady who suffered martyrdom in the year 225; either by being thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, or stifled in a bath—a *usual* punishment for female criminals of rank. By painters, St. Cecilia with her lyre has always been deemed a fine subject.

Sacred to the state of “single blessedness,” and its unfortunate votaries, was formerly held St. Catherine’s day (November the 25th), not only in Roman Catholic, but in Protestant countries. Young women were accustomed to meet on that day, and to make merry together. This was called *Catherining*. What delightful gossip, scandal, &c., must have occurred on such occasions; though it is understood, we believe, that *scandal* falls more peculiarly within the range of *elderly* ladies,—“ancient spinsters,” to wit. The popish legends of St. Catherine, “the spouse of Christ,” are without reason and without end. Of one good, however, at least, they have been productive: they have furnished exhaustless themes for painters.

This remarkable and highly favoured and equally unfortunate lady was a native of Alexandria. She was converted to the Christian faith in the year 305; and she distinguished herself by intrepidly reproving the pagans for their worship of idols, and by reproaching the emperor Maxentius to his face with flagrant tyranny and oppression.

Every person has heard of, and seen, what are termed “Catherine Wheels.” St. Catherine was put to death by rolling a wheel, stuck round with spikes, over her body. How ingenious were the ancients, as well as some of the moderns, in their refinements upon torture! The professors of the pyrotechnic art have availed themselves extensively of the contrivance.

St. Catherine’s name is not uncelebrated in the annals of chivalry. Her body is said to have been buried in Mount Sinai: near the sup-

posed spot, a monastery was raised, and dedicated to her memory ; and in the year 1063 an order of knighthood was instituted to guard and defend her sepulchre. The knights were made upon her tomb, in the same manner as those of the Holy Sepulchre. Their duty was to protect pilgrims who visited the tomb from devotion, and to entertain them during their stay. They lived under the rule of St. Basil the Great, and vowed obedience to the abbot of their monastery : their garment was white, and on the left side a Catherine Wheel interlaced with the cross of Jerusalem ; the wheel pierced with six red spikes.

Another order of St. Catherine was instituted by the emperor Peter the Great of Russia, in 1714—an order sacred to the ladies, and those only of the first distinction in Europe. Its origin is full of interest. So great was the love of the czarina, Catherine, for her husband, that she accompanied him during his campaigns. In that of the Pruth, in 1711, their majesties, with the whole army, were in the utmost distress and danger from the Turks. The empress, unknown as it is said to Peter, despatched a courier to the Turkish commander, offering a large sum of money if he would open a negotiation. He assented to the proposal, a treaty was set on foot, and a peace was concluded ; and this order was instituted by the emperor to perpetuate the love and fidelity of the czarina to his majesty.

It so seldom happens that the *ladies* are considered in such cases, or that they, eminently as they merit the honour, are made the objects of such institutions, that we shall not apologize for offering a description of the magnificent insignia of this order. “ The ensign is a circular crimson enamelled escutcheon of gold, upon which is disposed a four-pointed white enamelled gold cross. At the bottom of the cross, somewhat behind, is the half of a wheel. This is of a brown colour, but the spokes and nails are of gold. Behind the wheel appears St. Catherine. Her upper garments are of rose colour ; her lower, of a faded blue. Her head is surrounded with a glory, and she holds in her right hand a palm-branch of green enamel. This escutcheon is surrounded with a rich circle of diamonds. On the three segments of the circle, upon which the two lateral and the extreme points of the cross are placed, appear three *fleurs-de-lis* of diamonds, which are disposed on the outside of the circle. Above the cross is a diamond crown, and over the crown is a small eight-pointed star of diamonds. This badge is suspended from a narrow *ponceau*-coloured ribbon, with a border of silver, and is worn scarf-wise over the right shoulder. Above the badge is a knot of this ribbon, upon which is a motto in the Russian language. Upon the left breast the ladies also wear an eight-pointed star, the rays of which are embroidered in silver. In the middle is a *ponceau*-coloured escutcheon, upon which are placed a cross of silver, and the half of a wheel, *argent*. In the four angles of the cross, are the four letters, E. R. O. S., and around the whole is a circle of red velvet, on which is embroidered the motto, *Pro Fide et Patria*, in the Russian language. The crown which is above is of gold ; and at the bottom are two green palm branches, laid across.” It may not be altogether uninteresting to add, that, previously to her marriage with his serene highness the duke, afterwards king of Wirtemberg, her royal high-

ness, Charlotte Augusta, princess royal of Great Britain, was, by the then reigning empress of Russia, created a lady of this noble order; and that at the ceremony of her nuptials her royal highness wore the insignia.

Approaching towards the close of the month, we have yet to mention the festival of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, on the 30th—a day renowned amongst the people of that country for singed sheep's heads, haggess, &c. These favourite and savoury, and at the same time economical dishes, probably originated from the practice of slaughtering the sheep for the market and leaving the head and entrails to be consumed upon the spot.

St. Andrew, revered not less by the Russians than by the Scots, was brother of St. Peter, and the first disciple whom Christ chose. He is said to have suffered martyrdom upon a cross which had the form of an X, on the 30th of November, in the year 83, at Patras, in Achaia.

The order of St. Andrew of the Thistle, in Scotland, is very ancient, and one of the most noble in Europe. With the exception of three ribbons, which are reserved for a prince of the blood and two English noblemen, it is a national decoration, centering in a few of the powerful and opulent families of North Britain. According to John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, in his history of Scotland, "it took its beginning from a bright cross in heaven, in form like that whereon St. Andrew the apostle suffered martyrdom, which appeared to Achaius king of Scots, and Hungus king of the Picts, the night before the battle was fought betwixt them and Athelstane king of England, as they were on their knees at prayer; when St. Andrew, their tutelary saint, is said also to have appeared, and promised to the kings that they should always be victorious when that sign appeared; and the next day these kings prevailing over King Athelstane in battle, they went in solemn procession, barefooted, to the kirk of St. Andrew, to return thanks to God and his apostle for their victory, vowing that they and their posterity would ever bear the figure of that cross in their ensigns and banners. The place where this battle was fought retains to this day the name of Athelstane's Ford, in Northumberland." Having grown into desuetude, this order was revived by James the Fifth of Scotland, who added the collar of thistles intermingled with sprigs of rue, in 1536; again, by James the Second of England, in 1637; and again by Queen Anne, in 1703.

The Russian order of St. Andrew was instituted by Peter the Great, in the year 1698, to animate his nobles and chief officers in the wars against the Turks, and to reward those who had distinguished themselves by their bravery. St. Andrew was selected as its patron, because, according to tradition, he was the founder of Christianity amongst the Muscovites. This order, the most illustrious in Russia, is conferred only upon the nobility of the first rank, upon sovereign princes, and upon foreigners of the highest distinction.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

ANNUALS, &c.

FISHER'S "Drawing-Room Scrap Book.

AGAIN the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book" unfolds its annual treasures, and we have much pleasure in congratulating our fair readers on the rich and varied treat which Mr. Fisher has catered for the ensuing season. Thirty-six highly-finished engravings, with descriptive illustrations from the pen of the accomplished Miss Landon, render it indeed "a star amidst the host," and we doubt not that the artists whose works adorn its pages will acquire additional celebrity from the extensive sale which this elegant volume cannot fail to obtain.

For the merits of the poetical department we need but point to the letters L. E. L. on the title-page—those talismanic characters which are to their gifted possessor a certain passport to public favour. The poetess commences her lays with an address to our young sovereign, in which retrospects of the past and anticipations for the future are happily blended. We heartily concur in the following aspirations:—

The warrior, sage, and poet fill their story
With all the various honours of mankind.
May thy young reign achieve yet truer glory,
The pure enlighten'd triumph of the mind.
Too much in this wide world yet needs redressing;
But with thy reign hope's loveliest promise came.
May thy sweet youth be shelter'd by the blessing
A nation breathes upon VICTORIA'S name."

We shall now refer to the Pictorial contents. The first contribution (drawn from nature by Lieut. H. E. Allen, Royal engraver) affords a splendid architectural subject for the skill of the artist (S. Prout), and is beautifully engraved by Challis. It represents a religious procession advancing along the *Strada St. Geovani*, one of the *Stair streets* of Valetta, Malta; from the correctness of the perspective and the sculptural decorations (copied with accurate fidelity) of the houses on either side, we at once recognised the noble vista, and, yielding to memory's spell, again

"we tread that antique stair
Leading to sainted shrine, or house of pray'r."

The DEVOTEE is a sweet delineation of female piety and resignation. The next plate, which will be regarded with interest by the lovers of eastern scenery, is THE ENCAMPMENT OF RUNJEET SINGH and his SUWARREE OF SEIKS. The characteristic grouping of the recumbent figures underneath the broad spreading branches of the banyan-tree—the richly-caparisoned elephants—the disencumbered camels (called by the Asiatics "Ships of the Desert"), and the cavalcade of horsemen in the back ground, present a well-contrasted scene of repose and animation, and our best praise of the artist and engraver (W. Harvey and G. Presbury) is to say that the execution is worthy the design.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA—(magnificent mausoleums!)—might tempt a spirit, weary of the toils of life, to envy the peaceful dwellers of those silent mansions.

THE PORTRAIT OF FELICIA HEMANS, which accompanies a tender and affectionate tribute to her memory by her *sister of the lyre*, is highly interesting, as it gives to our conceptions of that divine creature "features and form," and for the *ideal of fancy* substitutes a *shadow of reality*—the dearest triumph of the graphic art!

THE MOTHER OF DR. DODDRIDGE teaching him the Scriptures from painted

Dutch tiles in the chimney-piece, is a charming domestic picture suggested by an incident in the life of that eminent man to which he attributed the most lasting impressions which his mind had ever received of sacred history. Here the infant sage beholds

“the stories he has heard

In portraiture embodied to his view.

The sight must bring belief—for God’s own word,

And a fond mother’s, tell him ‘ALL IS TRUE!’”

For not giving a more detailed notice we must plead the usual excuse—“want of space,” and conclude with our unqualified approbation of the whole, hoping that the care and expense so lavishly bestowed on this delightful Annual may be fully appreciated by the public, whose “golden opinions” are the Publisher’s best reward.

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual. By the REV.

W. ELLIS. London: Fisher and Co.

THIS work is embellished with no less than sixteen highly finished engravings, by Woodman, Higham, Holl, Chevalier, Starling, Topham, Presbury, Cochran, &c., with contributions from the pens of the most distinguished writers of the day, both of Church and Dissent. It therefore cannot fail to be one of the most valuable presents that can be bestowed by a parent on his adult children, or by one friend on another. The subjects chosen are all connected with the church of God and the cause of missions. The work commences with a beautiful likeness of Mrs. Fletcher, whose memoir is so admirably written, that it is almost impossible for any one to peruse it without lamenting that a mind so beautifully constructed should so soon be called to exchange worlds. “Reminiscences of Felix Neff, and his church at Violins,” by the Vicar of Northam, will be read with great delight; while the peaceful serenity of the Dying Christian, by the Rev. J. Sortain, will leave a hallowing influence on the mind, which may be beneficial to the reader through life. The notice of the Rev. John Harris and of his valuable works is drawn up with great judgment. The extracts from his several sermons are worthy not only the attention of every Christian, but of every philanthropist, and are highly calculated to promote the cause of Missions. Those who will give them a careful perusal will not in future object to unite in so holy a cause. While we give the following short extract, we strongly recommend to the reader the work itself.

“The map of the world in the days of the apostles was only the map of a province, compared with that which lies open before us. Every geographical discovery since, has only served to enlarge our ideas of the great Satanic empire. Oh! in what a small minority does the Christian stand! what a fearful expanse of darkness around him!—and that darkness how dense!—and what hideous enormities does it conceal! There, cruelty has its chosen habitation, and feasts perpetually on human blood. There, superstition has its temples, and its sacrifices of human suffering, and its music of human groans. There, sin has its priesthood—its ceremonials of murder, and its rituals of lust! By a slight effort of the imagination, we can cause the hosts of evils to pass before us, and what a spectacle to behold, * * * six hundred millions of souls at least! Did you ask yourself as they passed whither they were going? Follow them and see! Can you do so, even in imagination, without feeling an impulse to rush and erect the cross between them and ruin?”

Fisher’s Juvenile Scrap-Book. By AGNES STRICKLAND and BERNARD BARTON.

THIS work is illumined by a correct likeness of our illustrious Queen, with fifteen other designs, drawn and engraved by artists of celebrity. The Prose department of the work is got up with considerable talent, and is free from any thing tending to levity, affectation, or false sentiment.

Finden's Tableaux.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX is, if possible, more brilliant than ever; and we hail the masterly productions which annually enrich its pages as glorious tributes to our progressive improvement in the Fine Arts. Mary Russel Mitford (we love the familiar name), in her editorial capacity, has furnished us with some pleasant sketches interspersed with delightful poetry, and we commend the judicious taste of the publisher in selecting subjects from the lovely and picturesque of every land—to which the classical allusion or fanciful legend of the illustrator lends an additional charm.

The first plate (a Vignette from the burin of W. Finden), entitled

ITALY—"Shrine of the Virgin" is an exquisite devotional group by T. Uwins—poetically illustrated by J. Kenyon.

ENGLAND—"The King's Ward"—(*drawn by F. P. Stepanhoff—engraved by E. Finden*).—A fine glimpse of the olden time when hawk and hound and pretty page beguiled the hours of high-born dames. The story by Miss Mitford.

ANDALUSIA—"Death of the Bull"—(*J. Brown—engraved by W. Holl*).—A more peaceful scene than the title denotes. The arena is at a distance (as we would have it ever), and instead of the mighty struggles of the "Mountain King," or the direful contest of man and beast, we have an interesting group portrayed with the usual skill of the artist. Poetry by Barry Cornwall.

FLORENCE—"The Wager"—(*Stepanhoff—engraved by C. E. Wagstaff*).—A charming picture, engraved with much clearness and delicacy.

VENICE—"The Bride's Departure,"—(*by the same—engraved by W. Holl*).—Very pleasingly illustrated by C. Chorley.

EGYPT—"Rising of the Nile"—(*J. Brown—E. Finden*).—A beautiful specimen of art,—two females and a child returning "with lingering steps and slow" from the joyful sight of the swelling waters, whose birth

"Is hidden from the sons of earth."

The fine proportions and graceful attitudes of those "Daughters of Egypt" are admirably drawn, and the child is a model for a Cupidon.

INDIA—"Hindoo Girls"—(*by the same—engraved by H. Eggleton*).—A prevalent superstition in the East has given to the artist an excellent subject:—a group of girls on the banks of the moonlit Ganges, where

"Each within a little boat
A little flame hath lit,"

and is watching with intense interest the progress of their prophetic symbol, which

"If bright doth move, the loved doth love,
And love doth fail with it."

That one of the love-lights has vanished is apparent from the drooping air of one of the maidens, who leans mournfully against a tree.

CEYLON—"The lost Pearl"—(*by J. Perring—engraved by Posselwhite*).—A light and pleasing picture from that fair yet fatal clime (said to have been the abode of our first parents)—the garden of Paradise. The story of a faithful Malay slave illustrates the subject.

AMERICA—"The Captain"—(*W. Perring—W. H. Mote*).—An Indian widow granting to the entreaties of two young females of the friendly sect of Quakers the life of an English officer.

GEORGIA—"The Slave Merchant"—(*J. Brown—E. Finden*).—This story (a mother selling her daughters) is delineated with great feeling and power;

—two beautiful girls cowering beneath the "Stranger's" gaze, and clinging to each other in dismay, while the mother, whose greedy eye seems almost to devour the merchant's gold, with one meagre hand draws aside the drapery which envelopes their shrinking forms, and with the other, uplifted, is holding a lamp, as if for the purpose of exhibiting their charms to the purchaser—the expression of the slave merchant's countenance—the able management of light and shade—and indeed the whole effect of this picture is truly admirable.

SCOTLAND—"Deer Shooting"—(*L. Seyffarth, engraved by E. Scriven*).—A wild mountain scene,—“two bonnie leddies and a braw beastie”—a very excellent specimen of the fair artist's talent. The “faithful Oscar” is a genuine *portrait*; but the Lady Agnes reminds us of a hot-house plant suddenly transported (in full bloom) to some desert heath.

CASTILE—"The Signal"—(*W. Perring—E. Finden*).—A lady leaning pensively over the balcony while the “signal light” beaming from a gondola on the waters beneath rivets her attention:—the two sly Abigails peeping from the half-opened casement are not *out of place*.

After the foregoing summary it would be superfluous to repeat our opinion of this unrivalled edition—yet, before we part, one word for the publisher, from whose mind the bright *ideals* here enshrined have not excluded the consideration of less imaginative objects. The binding (of morocco) is rich and tasteful—the typography excellent—and the “whole getting up” (what the trade would call “superb”) is in the best taste. We therefore unhesitatingly pronounce it designed alike to please the lovers of light and graceful literature and to embellish the studio of the amateur artist.

The Forget Me Not. By Frederic Shoberl. London: Ackermann and Co.

THIS Christmas Present demands a notice. It is illustrated by eleven well-executed plates. *La Sevillana*, *A Beautiful Head*, *Earl Walter's Daughter*, *Rosanna*, *The Phrenologist*, *The Christening Party*, and *Earl Warwick's Seal Ring*, though drawn and engraved by different artists, are deserving of our warmest praise.

The letter-press department of this neat volume offers many instructive and highly entertaining papers by talented writers; that cannot fail to improve the mind as well as entertain the individual who is chosen from among the thousands to be the honoured receiver.

ACKERMANN'S "Flowers of Loveliness."

WE have now before us ACKERMANN'S "FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS" for 1838—a rare bouquet from the ever-blooming gardens of imaginative creation;—twelve emblematic groups of female beauty, illustrated, as they are wont, with descriptive poetry.

Not only does the present number exhibit an increased average of talent, but in poetic merit it far, very far excels its predecessors. Miss Landon, on whom devolved the arduous task of illustrating the designs, has acquitted herself in a manner equally creditable to her own high fame, and with justice to the undertaking. In truth,

“The poet and the flower repay
What each the other brings,”

—which couplet brings to mind another fair votary of the Muses, Miss (Fanny) Corbeaux, whose thoughts enrich this *floral wreath*, as “Heath Flowers,” “Water Lilies,” “Laurel” and “Poppy,”—the latter, a female asleep under the influence of the narcotic plant, is finely imagined and well executed. Did our limits permit we should be tempted to make an extract from the verses prefixed to this engraving as a favourable specimen of the poetry.

T. UWINS has given us three drawings in his usual effective style, engraved, as are all the rest, by sculptors of celebrity.

MISS E. SHARPE.—“White Rose and Night-blowing Convolvulus,” an interesting subject; but we have seen better things from this lady’s pencil.

MISS L. SEYFFARTH’S “Canterbury Bells” is very pretty: the idea is good, and the figures, which are natural and pleasing, “naturally please.”

K. MEADOWS.—Three designs from this artist, one of which we admire, “The Marvel of Peru.”

In addition to the valuable contents of the volume, an attractive exterior (scarlet silk binding, gold lettered, and ornamented) renders it peculiarly appropriate as a gift for the drawing-room or boudoir.

Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1838.

THIS beautiful Christmas present is introduced to the world in its usual tasteful form, and cannot fail to become a general favourite amongst the English youth of both sexes. The engravings are neatly executed—the literary matter admirably adapted to suit the ideas and capacities of those for whom the work is especially intended—and the poetry much above *par*. On the whole, “The Juvenile Forget Me Not” for the ensuing year is an elegant and useful production.

Friendship’s Offering, for 1838. Smith and Elder.

MOST welcome are works of this kind at Christmas—welcome as was T. K. Hervey’s “Book of Christmas” with its sprightly anecdotes, characteristic engravings, and handsome appearance. “The Friendship’s Offering, and Winter’s Wreath,” was ever one of our favourites; and as such we hail its re-appearance with unfeigned delight. The current number of this annual publication is exceedingly well “got up,” both with regard to the engravings and literary matter; and we sincerely congratulate the proprietors and editor on the favourable reception which the style and fashion of the work are certain to ensure for it. The portrait of Flora Macdonald is admirably executed; and the literary contributions of Leitch Ritchie and Allan Cunningham add essentially to the importance of the publication. On the whole, it is the best specimen of the “Friendship’s Offering” we have yet seen.

Le Keux’s Memorials of Cambridge. By THOMAS WHITE, M. A. London: Tilt.

IF the illustrations of the succeeding numbers of this work are got up with the same care as No. I. now before us, the publisher may be certain of an extensive sale.

Tilt’s Almanacks for 1838.

MR. TILT has produced an elegant variety: 1st.—We have the National or Commercial Almanack; 2nd.—The Paragon Almanack, where every corner is rounded with important information; 3rd.—The Useful Almanack, well meriting its title; 4th.—The Hat Almanack; 5th.—The Sunday Guide; 6th.—The Sunday Almanack, printed in gold and silver; and 7th.—The Miniature Almanack, so neat that it is sure to find a place in every lady’s reticule.]

The Weather Almanack. By P. MURPHY, Esq., M. N. S. London: Whittaker and Co.

This work claims the patronage of all scientific men.

The Sketcher's Manual; or the Whole Art of Picture Making.

By FRANK HOWARD. London: Darton and Clark.

THIS work, which is designed for the tyro, needs only to be seen, to be in general demand. Frank Howard has not merely given Lessons how nature may be traced on paper, but has accompanied each drawing with a corresponding one, in which inexperience and bad taste are evident, so that the young designer requires no further assistance than what is afforded in this work.

HISTORY.

History of the British Possessions in the East Indies. By R. Montgomery Martin, F. S. S., vol. i. 12mo. pp. 367. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is the first volume of a most useful publication, having for its object the statistical account of the English possessions in Asia, acquired and accumulated since the period when "a few English merchants skirted the coasts of the far-famed peninsula of Hindostan, as humble suppliants to establish mercantile residences on its fertile and wealthy shores, amidst myriads of brave and comparatively civilized men."—Page 1.

"Within the brief space of half a century," says the intelligent author, "an active and intelligent population of 100,000,000 souls, and a dominion of one million square miles of the richest portion of the earth, have been restored from unheard-of anarchy and bloodshed, to comparative order, peace, and prosperity;" but when we take into consideration the savage and frequently barbarous measures that have been adopted to reduce that "intelligent population," and secure to the English crown the possession of those "million square miles of the richest portion of the earth," our blood curdles within us, and our hair stands on end. This remark, however, rather applies to the barbarity of that monarch whom Southey so ridiculously eulogised, and whom America may well have learnt to curse, than implicates aught against the logic or the historical accuracy of Mr. Martin. On the contrary, the work before us is one of eminent utility and importance, and will be perused with avidity both by the politician and the historian. Nor less will it interest the general reader, whose opinions in politics are not decided, and whose tastes lead him not to historical researches.

The first volume of the publication under notice treats of the rise and progress of the British power in Asia, the wars of Scindia and Holkar, the conflicts with Hyder Ally and Tippoo Saib, the consequences resulting from the British conquest of Hindostan, the physical aspect of British India—a geological survey of that vast tract of country, statistics of the same, and a variety of miscellaneous matter equally instructive and amusing. The style, in which the book is written, is perspicuous, simple, and comprehensive: indeed, the volume, taken in parts, is remarkable for the exact *minutiæ* of its detail, and as a whole it must be regarded as the production of a highly talented individual. The following extract will aptly illustrate the nature of the work:—

"APPEARANCE AND STATURE OF THE HINDOOS.—The stature, complexion, and physiognomy of the Hindoos are so different, that no general picture can represent the various dissimilar races which compose the body of the people. Among the Rajpoots and mountaineers of the North are frequently found men of gigantic stature and Herculean proportions, who would be considered remarkable in any country in Europe for their size and muscular power. Colonel Todd says, 'Godul Das, the last chief of Desghur, was one of the finest men he ever beheld in feature and person. He was about six feet six, perfectly erect, and a Hercules in bulk. His father at twenty was much larger, and

must have been nearly seven feet high." In general, the inhabitants of the plains are inferior in height, and of a more slender make; but both the latter and the former are in general of an agile, graceful form, and capable of enduring considerable fatigue. The women, when not exposed to the air, nor stunted by severe labour, are often possessed of extraordinary beauty, the form being delicate and graceful—limbs finely tapered and rounded—features mild—eyes dark and languishing—hair fine and long—and skins remarkably polished and soft. The Hindoo women of the Brahminical caste bear away the palm of loveliness, more particularly those of the Canara and Malabar coasts. The beauties of form attributed to their country women in general are found in a still higher degree of perfection in them. The contour of the neck and shoulders is exceedingly lovely, the bosom beautifully formed, the limbs slender, but exquisitely moulded—the feet and hands delicately small—their air and motions easy, graceful, and dignified."

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. 95. History of England, vol. 7. Longman, and J. Taylor.

THE continuator of Sir James Mackintosh goes on bravely and resolutely with his work,—and whatever apprehensions might have been entertained for the success of one following in the steps of such a giant must ere now have been found quite groundless and unnecessary. The sixth volume—the fourth of the continuation—carried the history to the restoration of the Stuarts:—the new volume brings us down to the death of the second Charles. The events of that most disgraceful reign, during the whole of which a libidinous and wholly unprincipled king aided by a profligate court did all in his power to check the growth of civil liberty, knowledge and morality, are well and faithfully described by the historian. The iniquitous corporation and conformity acts, the disgraceful sale of Dunkirk, the fall of Clarendon, the cabal administration, Titus Oates's plot, the trials of Stafford, Russell and Sidney, and, above all, the corrupt intrigues of the king himself, form an ample theme for historical inquiry and disquisition. The author is beyond all question an original investigator of history, who does not take things for granted on the authority of others:—he examines for himself and often throws light on facts leading to conclusions different from those formed by other historians even of the same political bias. His style is somewhat *grandiose* and stilted in the narrative parts:—his best passages are those, in which he states at length the general conclusions from his historical premises. We may instance his admirable picture of Clarendon's character (p. 65-7), his description of the Whig party (p. 332-5), and his masterly portrait of the sensual, selfish, and deceitful king (p. 378-383), as quite specimens of historical portrait-painting. We regret that it is not in our power to make extensive extracts from this highly interesting volume.

The following account of Charles the second will serve as a specimen of the writer's style.

"There are historic characters of this prince by various hands, and in the most various colours. That of Bishop Burnet, though much condemned for its severity, is perhaps, on the whole, the most faithful. His head bore an unfortunate resemblance to the busts of the emperor Tiberius; and the bishop frankly carries the resemblance to his temper, his vices, and his course of government. He undoubtedly was sensual, selfish, and deceitful; but the comparison with Tiberius is overcharged. He knew not virtue in himself, and did not believe it in others. He seems to have regarded deceit as the moral order of the world; and, in order to qualify himself for his place in the system, disciplined himself into a most accomplished master of the art. It is possible that on many occasions, when he appeared in the midst of distress and difficulty, abandoning himself in passive, reckless, levity or indolence, he secretly trusted to his expert use of the mystery of deceit and mask of dissimulation.

He, however, perhaps loved imposture for itself. It was a congenial amusement to his mind, without invading his indolence or interfering with his sensualities. He was a merely animal, and not an epicurean voluptuary. He had that gross indifference to the fidelity of his mistresses which is found only in the savage state, and in the dregs of civilization. He set the fashion of moral depravity, ribald wit, and gross conversation, through the land. It is the great anomaly of his character, that a person who was so much of an animal sensualist in his existence and his instincts, should have been distinguished by so much wit, humour, and intelligence.

"His intercourse was familiar and easy. He descended to the level of those about him, and allowed an unrestrained familiarity and freedom on their part. This, perhaps, is the most favourable trait of his character. But his associates were parasites and buffoons,—the confidants not of his friendship but of his vices; and it was more from indolence than simplicity that he loved to appear in his undress. The stately attitude and cumbrous pomp of royalty fatigued him; and when he put off the king, the transition was to the animal, not to the man.

"The praise of a liberal and forgiving disposition has been claimed for him. It is true he was prodigal; but, as it is often observed by prodigals, it is recorded of him, that he had a selfish and sordid love of small gains. Prodigality and sordidness are, in truth, more akin to each other than is generally supposed.

"He was, it is said, neither vindictive nor cruel. Revenge is one of higher passions, and to all those he was a stranger. But when did he ever forgive an injury to himself,—unless where the act of punishment would cost his indolence an effort, or his self-indulgence a privation? He forgave the duke of Buckingham because he found his pleasure incomplete without that buffoon and profligate. If he was not cruel in practice, it was only because, by mere accident, practical cruelty did not come within the range of his enjoyment of existence.

"Most of the bad passions were latent in him, but happily locked up and neutralised by his natural indolence of temperament. Justice could not extort from him the trouble to take a guilty life, or generosity the trouble to save an innocent one:—nothing could do it but exclusive, sensual, sordid self. His disgraceful secret pension from Louis XIV. made him pass over, without satisfaction or inquiry, the suspicious death of a sister who merited a better brother and better fate. Buckingham was not the only object of his clemency. He extended it to the noted Blood, the most desperate and notorious criminal of the age,—the hireling assassin who had attempted, in open day, the life of Ormond, the most virtuous and faithful servant he ever had;—and this exercise of his royal mercy resulted from the adroitness with which the artful villain played upon his fears.

"But towards the close of his life, when his passions evaporated, and his temperament grew cold and timid, he became positively cruel as he grew more susceptible of fear. He shed the blood of Lord Russell from an exaggerated, dastardly sentiment of self-preservation; and he sacrificed Lord Stafford—much more scandalously,—rather than provoke opposition to the course of his government, or the disturbance of his personal ease.

"It was said of him, that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one. There is, perhaps, as much wit, and certainly more truth, in another saying,—that, like the sluggard in the Bible, he never turned from one side to another but for his own ease or pleasure.

"There is a solemn warning against putting trust in princes,—as if perfidy and ingratitude were among the privileges of the caste. No prince ever exercised this privilege more liberally than Charles II. He ungratefully betrayed the cavaliers who bled for him, the presbyterians who restored him. He sacrificed Clarendon and Ormond to the duchess of Portsmouth and the

duke of Buckingham; and would, perhaps, have sacrificed his brother, had he lived a few weeks or a few days more.

"The key to his character has been given by Bishop Burnet. His vices happily by their antagonist action neutralised each other. He would willingly establish arbitrary power, but would not take the trouble or run the risk of a great design. Had the motive springs of his career (if such an existence as his deserve the name) been more ambitious and intellectual; had he been endowed with his brother's uncompromising conscience and regal pride; he would have been a more formidable oppressor, but less despicable prince. As it was, he left the nation dishonoured abroad, and sunk by tyrannic chastisement and moral depravation to the abject state of contented slavery at home."

NOVELS.

Ethel Churchill, or the Two Brides. By the Author of "The Improvisatrice," "Francesca Carrara," "Traits and Trials of Early Life," &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

WITHIN the last two months, no less than four novels have emanated from the press and from the fair hands of ladies. "The Vicar of Wrexhill" is probably the most powerful work of the four—our opinions on "Uncle Horace" and "Stokeshill Place" have been already given; but we like "Ethel Churchill" better than any of them. The reflections which abound in this work are instructive and judicious, at the same time that they are dictated by experience in the world and sound sense.

The epoch at which the tale commences is fixed in the reign of George II.; and thus Miss Landon has been enabled to introduce the reader to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Pope, Gay, Swift, and Walpole, and to make him familiarly acquainted with the reigning wits and *literati* of the age. This scheme is somewhat in imitation of portions of Mr. Bulwer's "Devereux;" but the whole is admirably executed, and evinces the perseverance and research which Miss Landon must have used to render herself so intimately conversant with the minds, manners, and peculiarities, of the learned or remarkable individuals she brings upon the stage.

Lady Marchmont is well drawn, but the character is, we hope, somewhat unnatural; in fact, her atrocious deeds are the only objectionable portion of the work which we discovered during an attentive perusal. The personal appearance and *morale* of Lord Marchmont, a peer of those times, is admirably described.

"Lord Marchmont was about thirty years of age, and what is generally called a fine-looking man. His figure was good, so far as his height and proportion went; but his movements wanted ease, and consequently grace; and there was something of self-importance in his air—the last thing in the world to prepossess a beholder in his favour. We may admit the superiority of another; but we very much object to his assuming it as an undeniable fact. Lord Marchmont's features were good, with a strongly marked aquiline nose; but the mouth neither gave sweetness, nor the eye light, to his face. His eyes were of a dim cold blue, that never seemed to vary; they were unfamiliar with tears, and the pupil never brightened with laughter. His lips were thin—and when they *did* smile, it was stiff, and made up like the embroidery on his coat. His dress was splendid—his hands glittered with rings—his snuff-box was covered with diamonds, and his ruffles were of the finest Mechlin lace. The only fault was the want of harmony in colouring; the one hue destroyed the effect of the other. I am persuaded, that where there is no eye for colours, something of that keen susceptibility is wanting which constitutes the poetical and picturesque: and certainly to neither of these qualifications had his lordship the slightest claim. His style of conversation was made up

of set sentences; and his manners were overbearing to his inferiors in their estimation, and tiresome to his equals. His mind was made up of lessons and examples; he only reasoned by precedents—every thing with him went by example, and it was relief to him when he could quote an authority. If he had a passion, it was love of money; he loved it, both for its own sake—that close kind of attachment which money certainly *does* inspire—and also for the enjoyments that it could procure. He liked the pleasures of the table, and he liked attendance: he was a sort of Sublime Porte to his valets. Generally speaking, his comprehension was slow, and his ideas narrow; but the moment his own interest was concerned, it was astonishing how his perception enlarged: he became cautious, if not enlightened; and cunning, if not shrewd. In short, his character might be summed up in a word—Lord Marchmont was an intensely selfish man!"

The description of the death-bed of Lady Norbourn is touching in the extreme.—"Wrapped in a white dressing-gown, which had been hastily thrown around her, her hair loosened from its confinement, but with some of the neglected jewels yet shining in it, lay Constance Norbourn. Life was fast ebbing away, and the physician had said there was no hope. There she lay, white as the pillow on which she rested for the last time; a dull film had gathered over the eyes which yet dwelt lovingly on the friends beside her; and the fallen mouth, with the faint purple circle around it, indicated the near approach of death. * * * Again her head dropped on the pillow, and her father and husband felt the hands that had clasped theirs relax their faint pressure, and again Henrietta wiped away the cold dew that stood on her forehead. She lay for some minutes motionless, save when the heavy eyelids were slowly raised, and her dim eyes yet dwelt fondly on those who watched her last movement. All at once her eyes kindled, and she again raised herself, with a little assistance from Henrietta. * * * She sank back fainting; but this time it was Norbourn's arm that supported her: once again her eyes unclosed, and fixed on her husband's face with an expression of the most utter tenderness—whence they never moved more. The eyelids closed wearily, and there was a convulsive movement in the hands: then came a frightful stillness, broken by a low gurgling in the throat. The mouth fell—the hand Lord Norbourn clasped grew rigid and motionless: her husband bent over her, and touched her lips—they were ice—it was a corpse that he held in his arms!"

In dismissing "Ethel Churchill," we cannot but express a regret that our limits do not allow us to make more elaborate extracts. It is an excellent work, and far superior to any other of Miss Landon's prose productions.

The Old Commodore. By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer."
3 vols. Bentley.

It is evident that Mr. Howard is becoming, if he be not already, a very dangerous rival to Captain Marryatt. The passion for naval novels not only experiences no diminution, but actually appears to augment as each successive work emanates from the pen of the great masters of that school of fiction. And this is not to be marvelled at. The English are a maritime nation—a nation of sailors—the descendants of heroes whose chief exploits have been performed upon the vast bosom of the ocean. Thus with our trans-marine neighbours and allies does it happen that works touching upon military achievements, sieges, escalades, or pitched battles on the blood-dyed plain, are chiefly in vogue; and in either country are those writers certain of being the most successful, who appeal to the liveliest feelings and suit the tastes of the "great mass of the people." Jules Lecomte and Eugene Sue have nevertheless produced some very excellent nautical novels in France; and Maxwell, Gleig, &c., in England have successfully endeavoured to eulogize the character of

the British army. The tastes of the English are, however, more in favour of the former, and those of the French incline to the latter.

"The Old Commodore" is an admirable work. It depicts with fidelity the severity adopted by the officers of the old school, and the hardships which the tyranny of commanders in those days inflicted upon the young midshipman as well as the veteran sailor. The barbarity of the system of flogging is well illustrated by Mr. Howard in the course of the work—a system that, to the honour of the enlightened French, has long been abolished in their army and navy.

The old Commodore's daughter is an interesting character; but the chief incident in the tale—the disappearance of the hero, young Astell—is clumsily managed. We shall not, however, sketch the outline of the narrative, as by so doing we should only depreciate the interest the reader will experience by a perusal of three amusing volumes. We shall therefore immediately illustrate the style of the author by a few extracts.

"'Now, my men,' said the commodore, 'as I wish you to make the most of your rations, and as I do not think that any consideration could induce me to let you eat the hides of the yards, or grind up the blocks for flour, you had better listen attentively;' and then the commodore, taking out of his pocket a well-thumbed volume of 'Roderick Random,' which he generally carried about him, holding the book in his right hand, commenced very deliberately turning over the leaves with his iron left, as if to discover the right place, and then pretending to read, went on with a look sour enough to pickle cabbage without vinegar, as follows: 'Page the 75th, chapter the 14th. How to make devil's dumplings. Let the cook of the mess take a four-and-twenty pound shot, or a shot of any other weight, the heavier the better, and clean it well with spittle and fresh oakham. * * * Then take all the bones you can get, whether of pork or beef, it matters not, and pound them into a pulp of the consistency of damp flour. You must then return the shot to the shot-rack, and take for every handful of the said pulp three handfuls of oatmeal. Mix carefully with cold water, and knead altogether into a dough, then tie up into dumplings of half a pound each, boil three hours in salt water, season them [with gunpowder, and serve up hot as hell. The above dish will be found the most wholesome and savoury that you can put upon the mess-table, when no better can be procured.'"

Our next extract shall be the following:—

"As the mist slowly folded up its fleecy curtains, and ship after ship appeared with the hated tricolour streaming to the wind, the surgeon was sent for on the poop, for it was thought that Sir Octavius had been struck with an apoplectic fit—his features were so fixed, his position so motionless, his single eye so bloodshot, and the veins in his temple so turgid. When the surgeon had approached him, and endeavoured to possess himself of his wrist in order to feel his pulse, he flung it from him with violence, and exclaimed, 'I am not ill, but mad!' and of a verity he was so. Master, pilot, signal, officers, and men, all fell under his rage. The sight before him was certainly sufficient to try the philosophy of a much calmer and better regulated mind than that of the old commodore. As the enemy's force, now increased by another line-of-battle ship, stood in under easy sail between them and the shore, was crowded together a perfect fleet of captured English West Indiamen. As the French ships of war ran alongshore, they hauled more and more to the wind, approaching in idle bravado within gun-shot of the English squadron, well knowing that it would have been insanity on the part of the commodore to have engaged them with half a gale of wind blowing dead on the shore lined with ranges of terrible batteries. When the French men of war had got directly opposite the harbour's mouth, they hove to, and the English had the mortification of seeing merchant-ship after merchant-ship, the French colours flying over the English, file into Cherbourg, gradually disappearing behind that enormous fort Pelée. These operations seemed lengthened out purposely,

in order to prolong the torture of the old commodore. It was dangerous to approach him—he raved—he swore—how terribly he swore! Certainly at that hour he should have been relieved of his command. Evening was coming on, and both fleets were drawing into the harbour's mouth; and as the flood-tide would soon set strongly in, it became a matter of absolute necessity for the English squadron to make sail and get a good offing before dark. At the time, when it was already dusk, and the numerous fishing boats were running in unnoticed between the two threatening fleets, orders were given to make sail, and the carpenter desired to rig the gratings at the same time. The commodore, not knowing how to contain his wrath, chose to work the ship himself. Never was the duty performed more instantaneously, never more accurately. But Sir Octavius saw in every thing disobedience of orders, mutiny, and rebellion. No sooner were the weather-traces hauled tight, and the ropes coiled down, than he put three of his lieutenants and his master under arrest, broke half a dozen of his petty officers, and then, sending for his boatswain, went into the cabin, and flogged two of his midshipmen. Thence he repaired to the gangway, and flogged every man on the black list, and every man against whom a fault could be imagined. Am I relating an extravagant fiction? Am I even drawing an overcharged picture? Alas! for poor human nature! Go read the records of the times!"

Speaking of the veneration in which clergymen were held on board of ships in the days of the "Old School," Mr. Howard observes, "that no man in orders, whilst he could procure a curacy on shore, would accept a chaplaincy afloat. We forget the exact amount of the remuneration then offered them; but it was so low that it was an insult. When the persecuted divine got on board his ship, he was repelled by all classes, and revered by a few individuals only, who dared not betray their feelings. He was continually shifted about from ship to ship, all being anxious to pass him away as an inconvenience. If Captain A. wanted a couple of good sail-makers, and Captain B. could spare them in exchange for two able-bodied seamen, the latter would not let the former have them unless he relieved him of his chaplain into the bargain. Against general contempt no man can bear up; and generally, not being the *élite* of the profession, the chaplains soon gave way to circumstances, and always settled down as the captain's sycophant, and generally into the captain's spy. * * * If they were of any utility at all, they were useful after a strange fashion. The instructors of the midshipmen—but in what? In the studies of their faith?—in making them humble, self-denying, and truly Christian? No—none of these: but in geometry and trigonometry, plane and middle latitude sailing; not how to perform a work of grace, but a day's work. For doing all this, they were usually paid at the rate of half-a-crown per month by each pupil!"

Ernest Maltravers. By the Author of "Pelham," &c. A Novel in 3 vols. Saunders and Odey.

THE sensation that is excited in the literary world by the simple announcement of a new work emanating from the pen of the talented E. L. Bulwer, is the precursor of the delight to be experienced by the perusal. Bulwer is the Napoleon of English literature—the great mover of that sphere in which he shines so resplendently—the individual whose magic quill, with one single drop of ink, can make thousands reflect. He is the metaphysician-novelist of England, as de Balzac is the pride of France. His works are not merely every-day books which we throw aside never to resume, after a hasty perusal: they are standard volumes in every library—they may occasionally serve as books of reference—their philosophy raises them to an eminence far above the common tale of interest purposely written to afford a momentary amusement. But great as Bulwer is, there is a mightier master in the same sphere of literature than he—a magician whose wand is more potent—a necromancer

whose spells are more intimately entwined around the human heart—and that man is de Balzac. The one is occasionally inconsistent,—the other natural to the very life;—the one is intoxicated with the celebrity he suddenly acquired,—the other, conscious of his own merits, peruses his own praises with calmness;—the one affects to be more deeply read than he really is,—the other unwittingly suffers his vast knowledge to blaze forth at intervals;—the one is an egotist,—the other is void of all pride;—the one confounds in the same individual dishonourable conduct and lofty feelings together,—the other perspicuously draws a strict line of demarcation, and never depicts his characters at variance with themselves;—the one trusts much to a great popularity,—the other writes as if he were a timid author whose name is as yet unknown;—the one is full of pretension,—the other is unassuming and retiring;—in fine, the one is Bulwer, who is vain enough to believe that he can attempt any thing,—and the other is de Balzac, who essays not to emerge beyond the limits which a thorough consciousness of his own abilities has traced for himself.

“Ernest Maltravers” is deficient in incident, and will not interest those who merely read to be amused. Nor was it to that class that Mr. Bulwer addressed himself. To the thinking portion of the literary world the book will be welcome—for to that portion does it speak. The hero is a man of genius whom every circumstance combined to bless, so far as high birth, pecuniary possessions, and great talent *can* render an individual happy. He is a strange compound of good and evil: at one moment he teaches a lovely girl, whom certain occurrences consigned to his care, to know and adore her Maker; and in the next he—seduces her!—and then he weeps over the Bible—and then seeks for consolation in the arms of another mistress! That such a concatenation of discrepancies in feelings and sentiments may exist in a mind singularly organised, we do not doubt; but the *vrai* is not always the most *vraisemblable*; and a certain tint in the sky, or the dark blue surface of a certain lake—appearances which are really natural—frequently shock when minutely copied in a picture by the too faithful hand of an artist.

“Ernest Maltravers” is a book that a severe critic of venomous disposition would delight to lavish his caustic remarks upon—and there is throughout ample scope for castigation. At the same time the work abounds with innumerable beauties—deep thought—profound reflection—and a philosophical vein of sentiment that is not, as we before said, to be encountered in the generality of parallel and contemporary works. The design is lofty—the characters for the most part are well depicted—and the whole is interspersed with a great deal of fine writing, to which portions, however, we shall not have recourse for an extract, but shall place the following specimen of a different kind before the reader:—

“The banker was about to obey”—(i. e. pursue his journey, having been robbed by Darvil a scoundrel of the “first water”—) “when suddenly from the hay-stack, a broad, red light streamed upon the pair, and the next moment Darvil was seized from behind, and struggling in the gripe of a man nearly as powerful as himself. The light, which came from a dark-lantern, placed on the ground, revealed the forms of a peasant in a smock-frock, and two stout-built, stalworth men, armed with pistols—besides the one engaged with Darvil. The whole of this scene was brought, as by the trick of the stage—as by a flash of lightning—as by the change of a showman’s phantasmagoria—before the astonished eyes of the banker. He stood arrested and spell-bound—his hand on his bridle—his foot on his stirrup. A moment more and Darvil had dashed his antagonist on the ground: he stood at a little distance, his face reddened by the glare of the lantern, and fronting his assailants—that fiercest of all beasts, a desperate man at bay! He had already succeeded in drawing forth his pistols, and he held one in each hand—his eyes flashing from beneath his bent brow, and turning quickly from foe to foe. At length those eyes rested on the late reluctant companion of his solitude.

"So you then betrayed me," he said very slowly, and directed his pistol to the head of the dismounted horseman.

"No—no!" cried one of the officers—for such were Darvil's assailants. "Fire away in this direction, my hearty—we are paid for it. The gentleman knew nothing at all about it."

"Nothing, by God!" cried the banker, startled out of his sanctity.

"Then I shall keep my shot," said Darvil; "and mind, the first who approaches me is a dead man."

It so happened that the robber and the officers were beyond the distance which allows sure mark for a pistol-shot, and each party felt the necessity of caution.

"Your time is up, my swell cove," cried the head of the detachment: "you have had your swing, and a long one it seems to have been. You must now give in. Throw down your bakers, or we must make mutton of you, and rob the gallows."

Darvil did not reply, and the officers, accustomed to hold life cheap, moved on towards him—their pistols cocked and levelled. Darvil fired—one of the men staggered and fell. With a kind of instinct, Darvil had singled out the one with whom he had before wrestled for life. The ruffian waited not for the others—he turned and fled along the fields.

"Zounds, he is off!" cried the other two—and they rushed after him in pursuit. A pause—a shot—another—an oath—a groan—and all was still.

"It's up with him now!" said one of the runners in the distance; "he dies game!" At these words, the peasant, who had before skulked behind the haystack, seized the lanthorn from the ground, and ran to the spot. The banker involuntarily followed. There lay Luke Darvil on the grass—still living—but a horrible and ghastly spectacle. One ball had pierced his breast—another had shot away his jaw. His eyes rolled fearfully, and he tore up the grass with his hands. The officers looked coldly on.

"He was a clever fellow," said one.

"And has given us much trouble," said the other: "but let us see to Will."

"He is not dead yet," said the banker shuddering.

"Sir—he cannot live a minute."

Darvil raised himself bolt upright—shook his clenched fist at his conquerors, and a fearful gurgling howl, which the nature of his wound did not allow him to syllable into a curse, came from his breast—with that he fell flat on his back—a corpse!"

POETRY.

Lyrics. By John Lee Stevens. One Vol. 8vo. pp. 144. Bailey, Cornhill.

It is highly gratifying—simply, because it is exceedingly rare—to meet with any good poetry in these degenerate days. Even the effusions in the generality of the periodicals are for the most part indifferent, not to use a harsher expression. It was therefore with feelings of undisguised delight that we perused the interesting little collection of poems which Mr. Stevens has just presented to the English public. We were prepared to be severe—and we find scarcely any grounds for harsh criticism. The machinery of the poetry is correct—the construction is good—the metaphor far from trite—the similes replete with originality. An occasional inattention—from ignorance the fault evidently does not spring—to the legitimacy of the rhymes we could not fail to remark; such as *fairer—dearer*, page 3; *thee—thee*, page 8; *faileth—healeth*, page 26; and, yet, in even noticing so trivial a defect—the true spirit and essence of poetry not consisting in a few paltry rhymes—we confess that our criticism has a parallel in the annals of ancient history, which

may be furnished by the observation made upon the works of Demosthenes—"they smelt of the lamp"—a remark which, our reader will remember, was only uttered because the enemies of that illustrious man had nothing worse to say of his book. And, in truth, we have nothing—beyond our objection above—to murmur against Mr. Stevens's "Lyrics." There is in them a certain sweetness that will render them acceptable to every class of readers—they are vested with simplicity, originality, and a want of affectation or pretence that merit the application of some such epithet as "charming." The translations of the *Anacreontics* are those that we like the least; they have lost a portion of their original spirit and "Attic salt." This defect is, however, the almost invariable case with all translations of poetry.

We have spoken so highly of this collection of "Lyrics," that we must corroborate our assertions concerning the excellence of the poetry by a few extracts, of which our first shall be the stanzas numbered XLIV.

"If thou wast a snow-drop, and I were young Spring,

I'd plant thee in Eden's fair garden, my love,

Where birds, that ne'er perish, unceasingly sing,

And flow'rets that fade not enamel the grove:—

Preserv'd by thy lover, thy charms should ne'er die,

But flourish and smile in the balm of his sigh!

If thou wast a sun-flower, lovely and bright,

And I were the sun, with what joy would I beam

On each golden leaf, with a glow of delight,

Till from thee reflected that brightness would stream

Upon nature, and steal her fond worship from me,

To form adoration and praises for thee!

If thou wast a primrose upon the burn-side,

And I were a butterfly flitting so gay,

I would cover thy charms with my pinions of pride,

Their softness to shield from the sun's scorching ray;

Then steal from thy petals each germ of perfume,

And fade with thy fragrance, and die with thy bloom!"

The following detached stanzas contain a pleasing idea happily expressed:—

"Oh! Genius! the fame

That attends on thy name

Is the fortune I fain would have;

And barter my breath

For a life after death,

If honours might hallow my grave;

And those who endeavour

To win thy regard,

Might cherish for ever

The songs of thy bard!"

A Scotch song, numbered xx., is exceedingly pretty. We shall quote it for the benefit of our readers, and with it conclude our review of the "Lyrics."

"Believe me, Jeanie! truly still

I lo'e thee, and I ever will,

Though bless'd wi' gude, or fash'd wi' ill—

Believe me, O my Jeanie!

O' power an' wealth the rich may spier,

An' measure warth by worldly gear;

I envy not their gowd, my dear,

Syne I ha'e thee, my Jeanie!

Believe me, Jeanie! time may speed,

An' change us for the waur indeed;

But o' his power take nae heed,
 I'll aye be thine, my Jeanie!
 The luit-white lo'es her native tree,
 Though sear'd and bare wi' age it be;
 An' young, or auld, I'll still lo'e thee
 As tenderly, my Jeanie!"

The Tribute, A Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems, by Various Authors. Edited by LORD NORTHAMPTON. One Vol. 8vo. Murray.

THE founder of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was in a very infirm state when he projected the compilation of a work intended to consist of the various contributions of living authors. Intense study had deprived Mr. Smedley of the faculty of hearing; and his sight was already in a declining state at the period. It was therefore generously resolved by Lord Northampton to undertake the task Mr. Smedley had contemplated; but the unfortunate victim of a too deep application to his books departed this life before "The Tribute" made its appearance. The proceeds of the work are to be devoted to the charitable purpose of relieving the family which Mr. Smedley has left to deplore his loss; and we most sincerely hope that a liberal amount may be realized.

The principal contributors to "The Tribute" are Lord Northampton himself, Spring Rice, Wordsworth, Bowles, Empson, Moore, Landor, Darley, Southey, Joanna Baillie, Horace Smith, B. Barton, Tennyson, Milnes, and a variety of others, more or less eminent in the literary world. Mr. Wordsworth has furnished an indifferent piece—which a "generous public" will nevertheless declare to be "exceedingly pretty," or remarkably sweet. We shall quote the effusion, and call the attention of the reader to the tame and prosaic passages by printing them in *italics*.

"The Moon, that sails along the sky,
 Moves with a happy destiny;
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye,
 Or dimly seen;
 But when the clouds asunder fly,
 How bright her mien!"

Not flagging when the winds *all* sleep,
 Not hurried onward when they sweep
 The bosom of th' ethereal deep,
 Not turned aside,
 She knows an even course to keep,
 Whate'er betide.

Perverse are we—a froward race!
 Thousands, though rich in fortune's grace,
 With cherish'd sullenness of pace,
 Their way pursue;
 Ingrates, who wear a smile-less face,
 The whole year through.

If kindred humour e'er should make
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
 From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright Ship of Heaven,
 A counter impulse let me take,
 And be forgiven!"

The following lines, from the pen of Mr. Empson, are worth quoting:—
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"Bravo, cuckoo, call again!
 Loud and louder still!
 From the hedge-partition'd plain,
 And the wood-topt hill!
 With thy unmistaken shout
 Make the valley ring!
 All the world is looking out,
 But in vain, for spring!
 I have search'd in every place
 Garden, grove, and green;
 Of her footstep not a trace
 Is there to be seen.
 Yet her servants without fail
 Have observ'd their day—
 Swallow, bat, and nightingale—
 And herself away!
 Shout again—she knows thy call,
 'Tis her muster-drum:—
 If she be on earth at all,
 She will hear and come!"

The reader will naturally be curious to cast one glance over lines that have been penned by no less a personage than Spring Rice. The following extract is a fair specimen of the noble chancellor's poetical abilities:—

"But though the sun his mid-day height has pass'd,
 Light yet remaineth while 'tis giv'n to work;—
 Then let me not, a vile and abject thing,
 Pass in a world of dreams my life away—
 Or, bubble-like, float down the stream of life—
 Or, like an autumn's leaf circling aloft,
 Whirl in an useless orbit.—
 The drowsy joys of indolent repose,
 On the unmeaning laugh of rapid mirth,
 Accomplish not man's destiny!—"Tis his
 To will—to do—to suffer—days of toil—
 Nights of long watching—and to cast his lot—
 To live for others, or to live in vain!
 Before the Spirit to Bethesda's pool
 Gave healing power, the waters first were mov'd.
 Could but such influence reach a worm like me,
 And rouse from torpor, life new life would gain.
 And, like the Eagle springing tow'rd's the sun,
 The soul, on angel-pinions borne, would seek
 Eternal beauty, undecaying truth,
 Wisdom heav'n taught, and virtue strong in faith."

What a discrepancy is there between the affected simplicity of Wordsworth and the sweet sterling poetry of Moore, every verse of which speaks to the feeling and appeals to the heart! But let the reader judge for himself.

MUTE COURTSHIP.

Translated from the Persian.

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

"Love hath a language of his own,
 A voice that goes

From heart to heart—whose mystic tone
 Love only knows.
 The lotus-flow'r, whose leaves I now
 Kiss silently,
 Far more than words will tell thee how
 I worship thee!
 The mirror, which to thee I hold—
 Which, when imprest
 With thy bright looks, I turn and fold
 To this fond breast,—
 Does it not speak, beyond all spells
 Of poet's art,
 How deep thine hidden image dwells
 In this hush'd heart?"

We shall conclude this notice with a few stanzas from a poem by Mr. Milnes, in imitation of Reboul, the baker-poet of Nismes in France. Having described a Castle, and the infamous reputation attached to the name of its Lord, he proceeds to state how a beggar one evening knocked at the gate, and besought for repose and refuge in vain. The beggar then renews his petition.

"There is no path—I have no strength—
 What can I do alone?
 Grant shelter, or I lay my length,
 And perish on the stone!
 I crave not much—I should be blest
 In kennel or in barn to rest."
 "What matters thy vile head to me?
 Dare not to touch the door!"
 "—Alas! and shall I never see
 Home, wife, and children more?"
 "—If thou art still importunate,
 My serfs shall chain thee to the gate!"
 But when the watchful Seigneur fac'd
 The object of his ire,
 The beggar rais'd his brow debas'd,
 And arm'd his eyes with fire.
 "Whatever guise is on me now,
 I am a mightier lord than thou!"
 "Madman or cheat! announce thy birth!"
 "—*That* thou wilt know to-morrow."
 "—Where are thy fiefs?"—"The whole wide earth."
 "—And what thy title?"—"Sorrow!"
 Then opening wide his ragged vest,
 He cried, "Thou canst not shun thy guest!"

The beggar's prophecy was fulfilled. Sorrow *did* visit the proud and haughty Lord—his daughter eloped with a common domestic—his son was killed in a drunken riot—and he himself, with all his possessions, was swept away by the "raging Jacquerie."

EDUCATION.

First Grammar of the Latin Language. By the Rev. W. Butler,
 M. A. 12mo. Longman.

Any attempt to make an alliance between the old and radically bad plan of
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teaching the elements of language and the improved methods which modern inquiry has originated is injudicious and fruitless. We fear, that the little book before us is an attempt to make the old Eton grammar and the grammar-school plan of teaching a little more palatable;—and as we wholly disapprove of the wretched system, that places an unintelligible grammar into a child's hands and makes it a lesson-book for a year or two to the exclusion of every other, we cannot speak favourably of this little work,—which, besides,—independently of the general objection—shews evident signs of having been written by one who has very little studied the capacities of young children. The author is, no doubt, a competent scholar;—but as for a schoolmaster—*c'est tout autre chose*.

Exercises on Orthography and Composition—on an entirely new plan. By HENRY HOPKINS. 18mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE author's object—as declared in his preface—is to store the pupil's mind with facts and ideas instead of a jargon of words which are not understood and to explain which no effort is made,—and the plan pursued is to bring together all words having the same sound with a different orthography, and to compose a number of sentences containing these words in their different senses. Now, if any of our readers can discover how such a plan, which teaches words and not things—sounds and not sense, can promote the object above declared, they are more discerning than the writer of this notice. We have always thought that the cabalistic mysteries of a-be, ab, be-a, ba, see-a, ka, &c., might with great propriety be buried in the tomb of oblivion in order that a better system of teaching might take its place. Words and not letters should be taught, and the symbol should always be placed in juxtaposition with the thing meant or its pictorial likeness:—in fact, all reading lessons given to young children should partake of the nature of object-lessons. Teachers at present begin at the wrong end and employ the *synthetical* method, where they ought to use *analysis*. With respect to the difficulties of orthography, we suspect that they will be easily overcome by reading and dictation more than by any artificial plans whatever. Mr. Hopkins's book, however, has considerable merit in its way, and in the hands of a judicious teacher (who cares not for his trouble) cannot fail to be very useful. The author shows his good sense and liberality by recommending Parker's Exercises, which are by far the best works that have ever come under our notice.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Elements of Chemistry. By the late Dr. TURNER. A new edition much enlarged, by WILTON TURNER and Dr. LIEBIG. 8vo. Part I. Inorganic Chemistry. Taylor and Walton.

THE name of Dr. Turner bears with it its own recommendation. "Though dead,—he yet speaketh" to the hearts of all who knew him either as a man of science or in private life. Few, very few ever left behind them a larger number of mourning friends and admirers. Dr. Turner's work on chemistry is too well known to require that we should expatiate on its merits: our object is merely to notice the labours of Mr. Wilton Turner and his coadjutor. The former was educated in his brother's laboratory, and he has evinced a taste for and knowledge of his science that give him just claim to be well considered among the teachers of chemistry;—Dr. Liebig of Giessen in Hesse Darmstadt is the most celebrated analytical chemist in Germany,—and it was Dr. Turner's intention, *even had he lived*, to commit the latter part of the work to him exclusively.

That portion of the work now before the public has been edited by Mr. W.

Turner, and it is only just to remark that the amount and intrinsic value of the additions indicate both talent and industry. We sincerely hope—nay confidently expect that Turner's Chemistry will long continue to be the text book for students in all parts of the empire.

The Science of Geology. By *Xaoç*. pp. 78. John Reid, Glasgow.

THIS would have been an exceedingly useful work, were its pages less abundant in technical terms, which rather tend to embarrass than enlighten the mind of the young pupil. It is nevertheless well worthy of becoming a standard school-book.

Lectures on Entomology. By JOHN BARLOW BURTON. pp. 48. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE little pamphlet before us is illustrated by some good drawings connected with the subject, and is written in an intelligible and comprehensive style. The account of the *Vanessa Atalanta* is singular, and would have been extracted as a specimen of the work, had not our limits arbitrarily compelled us thus briefly to notice an useful publication.

The Book of Gems. Edited by S. C. HALL, Esq. Whittaker and Co.

THIS beautiful work comprises "Specimens and Illustrations of the Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain," and does considerable credit to the talented Editor who superintended its arrangement. In some instances short biographies of a few of the authors are appended; and the illustrations are of the highest order of merit. The principal poets, whose works are noticed, are Moore, Byron, Southey, Scott, Hemans, Shelley, Campbell, T. K. Hervey, Crabbe, Sotheby, &c. But we must not forget to include Wolfe—the talented author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore"—a poem beautifully illustrated in the work under notice by W. Harvey (artist) and J. Brain (engraver). It would be difficult to *extract* from a volume composed of *extracts*: our critical notice on the specimens of the writings of the poets whose names are mentioned in the "Book of Gems" will therefore allude to the only one bad extract of the whole, and that is Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel."

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Book ; or, 'The Anatomy of Conduct. By JOHN HENRY SKELTON. One Vol. 8vo. pp. 208. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE have been much pleased with the perusal of this work; especially as it is our opinion that books of an instructive nature, and those which relate to the customs and usages of society, are much more likely to improve the tastes and manners of an entire people than the usually uninteresting novels or laboured tales which now issue in numbers from the teeming press of London. It is almost impossible for any one to read the excellent volume before us, however refined may be his taste, or however exalted his moral character, without gaining some useful hints which will be found exceedingly beneficial to those whose situations in life have not enabled them to mix with the higher orders of society. Thus may he learn by a few hours' perusal of a book *that knowledge* which whole years of experience would scarcely allow him to acquire—and those years having been passed amidst mortifications, consciousness of slighted merit, and disappointment! Let not the public deem it an example of extravagant praise, if we recommend the "Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge" to effect an arrangement with the author of "My Book," by which an almost similar work, but one more adapted to the tastes and capacities of the middling classes, may be offered to the world. An extensive circulation of such a work would not only be assured, but also at-

tended with essential benefits to that influential and respectable order to whom it should be particularly—indeed, solely addressed.

We offer the following extract as a specimen of the author's style:—

"Virtue, considered in reference to all the relative duties—and virtue, as understood in common parlance, is as the whole range of duty abstractedly merging in one given quality. The man of fashion smiles if virtue—or virtuous conduct be attributed to him; and the use of the word in the presence of a lady is considered an indelicate allusion:—yet, in that one word 'virtue,' is included—piety to God—justice to man, and chastity to ourselves,—together with the assemblance of all the cardinal virtues, briefly stated in Prudence—Fortitude—Temperance—and Justice. The man blushes as much at the imputation of its possession, as the woman does at its loss. Known in its proper and most comprehensive sense, virtue cannot exist in the breast of those who are in the habitual indulgence of any secret or cherished sin, or in the continued neglect of any duty; active sin and passive neglect being equally criminal. If you have a doubt on your mind as to the propriety of an action, it is sin if it be not withstood. Such is virtue; this divine attribute 'hath its content so absolute,' that the heart being free from self-accusation, it takes the edge from worldly misery, and adds a charm to its passing joys; then, as our career draws to a close, the prospect is cheered by that quiet monitor—by a well-placed hope in another and a better world."

Speaking of authors, page 127, we find the following proper remarks:—

"The manner in which authors disparage each other is not in good taste. In every other profession, calling, or trade, an honour or benefit conferred on one of its members is appreciated by the whole; but in the fraternity of scribes, you find envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. In these improved and improving times, such things should be amended. Never let us endeavour to elevate ourselves by depressing another—*tout au contraire*: for my part—I only censure to amend."

In conclusion, we cannot too strongly recommend this excellent work to all families and schools, as one eminently calculated to instruct and edify young people.

Heaven Entered; or, The Spirit in Glory Everlasting. By JOSEPH FREEMAN.

THIS unpretending little volume is the third of a series on the heavenly state.—"The doctrine of another and happier world being universally admitted by the good of every church and denomination,"—the Author's object is to give "something like a definite and consistent form to their meditations upon this delightful theme." And although aware that, in the language of a modern writer, "failure in such an attempt is more or less inevitable," he yet hopes "it may be better to contemplate the great subject, and assist others to contemplate it, even thus imperfectly, than not at all." In the course of the work, the Author has endeavoured to depict the feelings of the righteous man's spirit on the verge of its departure,—to trace its progress through the ethereal regions—and to describe its happy reception on the borders of the blessed.

The benefit likely to result from a careful perusal of such works,—the direct tendency of which is, to familiarize the mind, amidst the absorbing cares of life, with those things which, though unseen, will shortly be realized,—cannot be overrated. The Notes, inserted by way of appendix, will be found to contain many valuable extracts from eminent writers, corroborative of the Author's sentiments. We gladly recommend the whole series to the attention of the serious public.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."—HORACE.

RATHER DISTRESSING IF IT BE TRUE.—A DREADFUL EVIL OF CIVILIZATION.—M. de Boismont, a French physician of eminence, or rather a clever Mad Doctor, communicated on the 9th of October, to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, the result of his researches with regard to the cause of madness, and from the accurate statistic accounts published by the different mad-houses of France, proved that *civilization has a great influence in producing madness*. To give to this proposition a degree of evidence, M. de Boismont compared the number of mad persons of the principal towns of Europe with the population of the same towns, and the following is the sad calculation :—

	Inhabitants.	Mad.	or	1 to	200
London	1,400,000	7000		1	222
Paris	890,000	4000	"	1	222
St. Petersburg	377,046	120	"	1	3,133
Naples	369,000	479	"	1	1,759
Cairo	330,000	14	"	1	30,714
Madrid	201,000	60	"	1	3,350
Rome	154,000	320	"	1	481
Turin	114,000	331	"	1	344
Milan	150,000	618	"	1	242
Florence	80,000	236	"	1	338
Dresden	70,000	150	"	1	466

This account is truly distressing, but we do not give any opinion on the subject. Some philosopher of the 16th century was decidedly in favour of ignorance, and thought that ignorant persons were always happier than those who possessed knowledge. The defenders of the Inquisition and despotism ought to raise a statue to M. de Boismont for having worked so hard in their behalf. As for us, although madness is a very great misfortune, we thank heaven that we are born in England, free and civilized, and not in Cairo, where despotism and ignorance reign.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BRIGHTON.—The 4th of October was a day of extraordinary rejoicings and merriment for the loyal inhabitants of Brighton. The *elite* of the English and foreign *haut-ton* had assembled there to witness the first triumphal entry of our youthful queen into that fashionable town, where great preparations had been made for her reception. No monarch of Europe can boast of being, or of having ever been, so universally popular and beloved as Queen Victoria. All her subjects, of every political and religious tenet, have hailed with heartfelt transport her accession to the throne, notwithstanding that her predecessor had also justly become a popular king. The festival of Brighton will ever be remembered with pleasurable feelings by those who witnessed the indescribable enthusiasm with which the virgin queen was received. It seemed, in fact, as if the myriads of spectators had been transformed by magical power into a single will and wish, and that the whole of them thought of nothing else, but of welcoming, honouring, and applauding, their favourite sovereign. Triumphal arches, magnificent decorations, numerous bands of music, and other loyal manifestations, had been prepared in order to celebrate the first visit of Victoria. The royal procession was every where received by the cheerings, hurrahs, and deafening applauses of the delighted multitude, and both the queen and her august mother were almost overwhelmed by their feelings. The illuminations were general, and on a splendid scale; and Brighton during that night was transformed into a blaze of light, and afforded to the numerous visitors, and its joyful inhabitants, unparalleled amusements and pleasures. It is worth remarking that on the very day that the queen of England, the head of the protestant church, was idolized by her faithful subjects at Brighton, the pope was celebrating at Rome

the anniversary festival of Francis, of Assisi, one of the famous founders of the Inquisition; and as that bloody tribunal of fanaticism, ignorance, and superstition, has been crushed by the protestants of England, and, through their writings and example, has been either destroyed or paralyzed all over Europe, no better day could have been chosen for feasting the protestant queen. May the young queen continue to be the object of the love of her people, and, by imitating the good qualities and great energy of Elizabeth, and by avoiding the faults by which the character of that glorious sovereign was stained, may she prove a true blessing to her empire, and enjoy a long and prosperous reign.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINA.—At last our French neighbours have succeeded in making the conquest of Constantina, which on a former occasion cost them an enormous expenditure, a shameful defeat, and great loss of life. On the 6th of October it was invested by the French army under the orders of General Damremont, commander-in-chief, and of General Vallée, commander of the artillery. During the first five days the natives defended themselves with great skill and courage, and caused great loss to the besiegers. On the 11th the breach was effected, and on the 12th they succeeded in killing the commander-in-chief, General Damremont, while he was directing the storming of the town. On the 13th, however, the invading army, under the command of General Vallée, and excited by the loss of their commander-in-chief, and of a great many of their fellow-soldiers, took possession of Constantina, after an obstinate and destructive struggle on both sides. The victory of the French is of very doubtful advantage, and we apprehend, notwithstanding this new conquest, they will not be able to keep in obedience the savage and courageous Arabs of the interior of Africa; nay, they may find it very difficult to maintain for a long time a free communication between Constantina, Bona, and Oran. It appears that the royal sons of Louis Philippe, the dukes of Nemours and of Joinville, have taken good care of themselves, and that neither of them has been honoured by the smallest Arabian scratch.

PARLIAMENTARY FESTIVALS AND DINNERS.—John Bull is very fond of good cheer, and, although naturally enterprising and industrious, he likes to settle the most important projects over a good dinner, and after having been roused in spirits by the delight of jovial company and excellent wines. Consequently, as the meeting for parliamentary business approaches, both the conservatives and the reformers have begun to assemble in order to combine their plans of attack and defence; and if the proverb be true that *in vino veritas*, we are happy to learn that the ensuing session will be prolific of much good to the nation at large. Because the conservatives assert that they are *true reformers*, and that they are willing to forward the destruction of all real abuses both in church and state, the reformers on their side proclaim that they do not intend to destroy any of our national institutions, but wish only to amend what is obsolete and incompatible with the present state of civilization. Both parties, however, are apparently struggling for power and emoluments, which are the only real stimulus of all opposition in parliament. Sir Francis Burdett is an exception to all rules of propriety and consistency, and his present political and religious conduct is truly incomprehensible. He wants neither places nor emoluments; nay, he is incapable of holding any place whatsoever, in consequence both of his ill-health, and of his imbecility. But notwithstanding that, the worthy baronet has of late become the spokesman of the incurables of old toryism, and the *discord-sower* amongst the contending parties. A man who changes his principles is always dishonourable, especially when he has for years vigorously and publicly been the advocate and the martyr of opposite tenets. He may, however, be excused, or even pitied, if he does not appear before the public under his new standard. Old Glory of Westminster is of a different opinion; since his apostacy he loves to be continually on the stage, and exposes himself to the ridicule of his new allies, and to the deserved contempt of his former friends.

A SHOWER OF FISH.—On the 16th of October several persons observed on the rail-road near Air a quantity of small and shining fishes alive, and struggling for life. If there had been only a few, it could have been supposed that some sea-fowls had disgorged them; but as they were very numerous, they must have been transported there by some phenomenon, and most probably by a gust of wind. In fact, on that day the wind was very high. This is not a new occurrence, and it has often happened in Scotland, and even in Italy. The fish were very small herrings, and measured about half an inch in length.

THE SALE OF THE ROYAL STUD AT HAMPTON COURT.—One of the two great pillars of the English empire has been at last demolished by the merciless hammer of the fashionable horse-puffer Tattersall. The Royal Stud was sold on the 25th of October at Hampton-Court Paddocks before many noblemen and sporting gentlemen, and its general produce, according to the opinion of the *connoisseurs* of all parties, has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the Fitz-Clarences.

The brood mares fetched	-	-	9568 guineas.
The colt-foals	-	-	1471 ditto.
The filly-foals	-	-	1112 ditto.
The stallions, and two <i>half-bred</i> colts	-	-	3541 ditto.

Total amount - 15,692 guineas.

Now that this official statement is known, will not our readers justly wonder at the great noise and warfare which the newspapers have carried on against each other about this almost paltry business, and will they not laugh at the worthy baronet who, to save the country from the imminent danger of its ruin, buckled on his Quixotic armour on behalf of the Royal Stud, and, like Sancho-Pansa, attacked Lord Melbourne with all the fierceness that becomes a true champion of horse-flesh, and of the turf? Verily, verily, England has rebounded with the thunders of the *Times* on the subject of the Royal Stud at Hampton Court; but many must now pity the Thunderer for having made so much ado about the paltry sum of 15,692 guineas.

THE LATE IMPROVEMENTS IN DEAL.—The new fashionable watering-place, Deal, has lately undergone considerable improvements, since the duke of Wellington has held his little court at Walmer Castle. On a recent visit to Deal, we were agreeably surprised by the change that has taken place in the exterior and the interior of the principal hotel, which has now become one of the best in Kent. "The Royal Hotel,"—the ancient "Three Kings,"—is now commodiously fitted up, and well conducted; and its spirited proprietors—Messrs Bleaden of the London Tavern—are sparing no expense to complete their alterations and improvements.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.—The grants of the British Association for the advancement of scientific research in anatomy and medicine for the next year are as follows:—For observations on the absorbent and venous systems, fifty pounds; for observations on the effect of poisons on the animal economy, twenty-five pounds; for the chemical analysis of animal secretions, twenty-five pounds; for observations on the motions and sounds of the heart, fifty pounds; for observations on the pathology of the brain, twenty-five

pounds; for experiments on lung disease in animals, twenty-five pounds. Our medical friends will doubtless read of these grants with satisfaction, as many subjects will thus be elucidated which the calls of professional duty have so long prevented; and as every new discovery in the science of medicine tends not only to elevate the practitioner in public esteem and private respectability, but adds also to his means of assisting the general weal of the great human family, the attempt thus made to stimulate the progress of the healing art must be regarded with general gratification. May the results prove as beneficial as the intention is excellent.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—*Interesting Experiments.*—Mr. Nevan has just detailed some experiments made by him on elms, forty years old, commenced in Feb. 1836. I. The stem of the tree was denuded in a circle of its cortical integument alone, leaving the alburnum beneath uninjured. On the May following the denuded part was filled up by the exudation of bark and wood from the upper surface of the wound, and the tree had not suffered in its growth. II. The bark and *cambium* were removed in the same manner. In August, 1837, this tree sickened, and there was no formation of wood or bark in the wounded part. Two developments, however, took place; one above, the other below; the former having the appearance of roots, the latter were branches with leaves. III. The bark and two layers of alburnum were cut away. The tree was at the time unhealthy; it, however, put forth its leaves in that and the ensuing spring, but shortly after died. No sap was observed above or below the wounded part. Roots were developed from the upper and branches from the lower part of the section. IV. The bark and six layers of alburnum were taken off. The tree became much less vigorous, but did not die, and otherwise presented the same appearance as the last. V. The bark and twelve layers of alburnum were stripped. The consequences were again similar to the last two; the alburnum above and below the cut being dry, but an accidental cut, which penetrated to the heart wood, exuded sap. VI. This was a repetition of the experiment of Palisot de Beauvais, by cutting away a circular ring of bark around a single branch. The branch continued to grow, and roots sprouted from the under surface of the isolated bark and branch. VII. In this the whole of the wood of the tree was cut away, except four pillars composed of bark and sap wood. In this case the sap first appeared from above, descending by the pith, and then from the heart wood, the alburnum being dry. In this case the sap must have passed up the alburnum, and horizontally through the heart wood. From these experiments Mr. Nevan infers, —1. That the life of the tree does not depend on the liber or cambium. 2. That a descent of sap takes place before the development of leaves. 3. That new matter arises from below, which has not previously been allowed. That there were two distinct principles in the tree,—one the ascending or leaf principle, the other the descending or root principle. These experiments completely confirm the theory of the structure of wood by Du Petit Thouars: the seventh proving the horizontal circulation of the sap.

BOTANY.—*Plants and Ventilation.*—Dr. Daubney has been making a series of experiments on the cultivation of plants under glasses without ventilation, the results of which he has just communicated. In April last he introduced into globular glass vessels, the apertures being covered with bladders, three several sets of plants. In the first were *Sedum*, *Lobelia*, &c.; in the second *Primula*; in the third *Armeria*, &c. At the end of ten days the plants were healthy and had grown. The air in the jars was examined, when the first had four per cent. more oxygen than the atmosphere, the second also four per cent. more, and the third one per cent. more. This was the result of examination during the day, but at night the excess of oxygen had disappeared. On the eleventh day the first jar contained two per cent., the second and third one per cent. excess of oxygen. At night there was less oxygen than in the atmosphere. A Mr. Ward has also made some experiments of a similar character, which are interesting, as they point out a method of bringing foreign

plants to this country which could never otherwise be introduced. His attention was drawn to the subject by the accidental placing of a chrysalis under an inverted jar, which some time after was perceived to have a fern and a few blades of grass growing under it. Taking the hint, he introduced some plants of *Hymenophyllum* under a jar, which grew and flourished in the situation. He then made some experiments on a larger scale. The plants were inclosed in glass cases made air-tight by paint and putty, but, of course, not hermetically sealed, and were watered once in five or six weeks. From his experiments he draws the following conclusions:—First, that confining the air secured a more equable temperature for plants, as its expansion and contraction, by change of external temperature, by its relation to heat in those states, prevented any great or sudden change. This was remarkably exemplified in some plants that were brought from India, which were in the course of three months successively exposed to 20°, 120°, and 40° of Fahrenheit. The enclosed plants were often found surrounded by a temperature higher than the external atmosphere. Secondly, that vascular plants required to be grown in a greater quantity of air than cellular. Thirdly, that light must be freely admitted. Fourthly, that the enclosed air must be kept humid. This can be done by occasional watering, provided any means of escape for the water is allowed, but it is not necessary where the water has no means of escape. Besides the advantage of enabling us to bring plants from abroad, it would also furnish to the physiological botanist the means of observing those operations of nature in his study, for which, before, he had been obliged to resort to the forest and the plain. Might not this mode of preservation be extended from the vegetable to the animal kingdom?

CHEMISTRY.—*Brewing*.—Mr. Black, in a paper communicated to the British Association “On the Influence of Electricity on the Processes of Brewing,”—states that a thunderstorm not only checks the fermentation of worts, but even raises the gravity of the saccharine fluid, and develops in it an acid. This effect is principally witnessed when the fermenting tun is sunk in soft earth, and may be obviated by placing it on baked wooden bearers, resting upon dry bricks, or wooden piers, so as to effect its insulation. This is a fact worthy the attention of all practically engaged in fermentation. The prevalence of highly electrified clouds during the fabrication of cast-iron, has a considerable and baneful effect upon the metal.—*Alum*.—Mr. Atherton, an African gentleman, has recently discovered on the eastern coast of the African continent, about midway between Graham’s Town and Algoa Bay, a new variety of alum. Similar to asbestos, it occurs in fibrous masses, having a beautiful lustre like satin, and splitting into threads which would appear to be quadrilateral prisms. In taste, solubility in water, and relation to several re-agents, it closely resembles common alum, but is distinguished from it by containing protoxide of manganese, instead of an alkali, and by not assuming the octahedral form.

ANTIQUITIES.—*Crimea*.—A Dutch journal has recently given the particulars of the discovery of some interesting remains by workmen engaged in excavating in the neighbourhood of Kertsch. They consist of two tombs, one of which, of comparatively modern date, contained a marble sarcophagus, and some other valuable objects; among these a marble slab ornamented with a beautiful relief representing a Bacchannal. A silver sceptre was likewise found, together with a bridle, the bit made of the same metal, and a female mask of gold. The other monument was of more ancient date, and contained an urn filled with bones and ashes. The form of it is described as very elegant, embellished with beautiful drawings, the design being an Amazon on horseback, lance in hand, attacking two warriors, the head of one having a helmet, while the other wears a Phrygian cap. The style of the drawing has given rise to a supposition that it dates about the fourth century before Christ.

MECHANICS.—The Americans have proposed to form a railway in the State of Virginia, 300 miles in length, upon which a novel railway power is

to be introduced. The whole line is to pass through the neighbourhood of a series of water-falls, from which canals must be cut to form heads of water to work wheels; the power thus obtained to be applied in the same manner as the fixed engines at present in use, for moving the railway carriages.—The London and Birmingham line of rail has been opened as far as Tring, and will probably be completed in the autumn of next year. The greatest difficulty yet experienced has been at Kilsby in Northamptonshire, where a considerable tunnel is requisite, and the soil of the most intractable character.

STATISTICS.—*Marriages*.—Up to the 19th of last month the number of places registered under the New Act, for the solemnization of marriage, was 704. Of these there are in London, Westminster, and Southwark, 47; Liverpool, 18; Manchester, 13; Birmingham, 5.—*Education in York*.—The state of education in York, of which the Manchester Statistical Society has just prepared a report, may be taken as affording a tolerably good sample of the present state of towns of similar size as regards the means of education. The population may be stated at 28,000; of these 2298, or 7.96 per cent., attend day or evening schools only. 2521, or 9.00 per cent., attend both day and Sunday-schools. 842, or 3.01 per cent., attend Sunday-schools only. Total school attendance 5591, or 19.97 per cent. Taking the persons between the ages of five and fifteen as one-fourth of the entire population, it would appear that 67.0 per cent. are under nominal instruction, while 2300 or 33.0 per cent. were receiving no instruction whatever. The average remuneration which the teachers receive is 9s. 6d. a week in boys' schools, and 8s. in girls' schools.

THEATRICAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

WHEN our last remarks were consigned to the hands of our printer, the winter houses had not opened their doors to the expectant public. The busy hammer of preparation was loudly echoing to the empty walls and the glaring placards announced the arrangements of the coming season:—the time was full of promise which we were content to receive in silence, lest perchance we might be disappointed. What a change has taken place in less than a short month! The two winter houses are both open, Madame Vestris has again curtsied to her laughter-loving friends, Yates has made his best bow to the fish in "the frying-pan," and Braham has commenced a campaign in the West, while Mrs. Honey and her loving partner (*not* Mr. Cockerton) are carrying all before them in the East. The town—that section of it, at least, which cares for things theatrical—is quite in a ferment of agitation with the bustling changes and revolutions in the management and entertainments of the play-houses. At such a time, little as we can spare the room, we feel obliged to be at any rate "*brief* chroniclers" of the passing scenes of mimic life.

First and foremost comes COVENT GARDEN, opened under the auspices of Macready, whose object seems to restore the legitimate drama to its proper station as compared with the noisy and nonsensical pieces which have lately been permitted to usurp the place of tragedy and comedy. The manager has already done something to prove that good *words* and handsome professions are occasionally followed by good *deeds*. Shakspeare has been acted, and well acted, with all the scenic aids and appliances calculated to show his works to the best advantage, and when other plays have been enacted they have been invariably selected from those which justly occupy the first rank in our national dramas. Since the opening we have had "*Winter's Tale*," "*Hamlet*," "*Othello*," and "*Taming the Shrew*," well acted and appointed in every respect; indeed, it is quite a treat to see Shakspeare's plays acted at Covent Garden. Besides these, however, the manager has produced Sheridan Knowles's "*Virginius*" and "*Bridal*," Byron's "*Werner*," and many other

plays which to mention is to praise. The new pieces yclept "The Novice" and "The Afrancesado" have both—and deservedly—failed, it is true; but the manager has much still in store for those who would gape at novelty rather than support the sterling productions of the older dramatists. We wish Mr. Macready every possible success, for we know that he is sincerely and earnestly working for the regeneration of the drama and the respectability of the profession to which he does such honour.

TO DRURY LANE let us now turn;—and first of all, we must be permitted to record our disgust and pity at Mr. Bunn's impudent denunciations of the legitimate drama as contained in his placard announcing the opening. It is to be hoped, however, that he has repented of his folly; for, on a review of the representations during the last fortnight, we discover undeniable proofs of a desire to follow in the steps of his more worthy rival. Opposition ever does good, and to this alone are we to attribute the production of such pieces as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry the Fourth," "She Stoops to Conquer," &c., &c. If Mr. Bunn be content with *spectacle* for afterpieces we are willing so far to humour his whims—no farther.

The chief novelty at Drury Lane is "The Child of the Wreck," a spectacle after Mr. Bunn's own heart. Its success is wholly owing to the pantomimic talents of Mademlle. Celeste, whose character as a dancer deserves scarcely less praise than those of Taglioni and Duvernay.

Having thus briefly noticed the large houses, we proceed to those which, though of more confined dimensions, often display dramatic talent not a whit inferior to that of the prouder edifices near Covent Garden. We begin with our old friend Braham.

ST. JAMES'S Theatre is perhaps the most elegant in the metropolis, and located, as it is, in the vicinity of patrician life, ought not to be deserted by the noble denizens of that fashionable neighbourhood. "The Assignment; or What will my Wife Say?" is a very amusing trifle; and although destitute of any thing which will bear criticism is sufficient to keep the critic in good humour. Mr. Wright, from the Birmingham Theatre, has made his debut in town in the burletta of the "Young Widow." Genius and tact may be identified with the attributes of this gentleman as an actor. He was altogether well received, and at the close was loudly called for, to make his appearance before the curtain. Mrs. Stirling is a lovely young widow, and both looks and acts as if a second marriage would make her "as brisk as a lark." Braham has been emulating his rivals in procuring an efficient company. Several new productions we hear are progressing through a course of rehearsals; but if the forthcoming pieces are to be like the *King John* travestied, —which on principle as well as for other reasons we cannot praise, inasmuch as the system of throwing ridicule on the immortal Shakspeare deserves unmitigated condemnation,—there seems to be little promise as respects the novelties. Guibilei and Miss Rainsforth take the chief operatic business between them:—the latter would be an honour to any *corps dramatique*. Hall, of the Strand, is a decided acquisition; but we never wish to see him again in the sickly witless travesty of *King John*.

OLYMPIC.—This delightful little repository of elegance and fancy, has been nightly filled by overflowing audiences. The "Country Squire" has been revived, with a view to the introduction of Farren, in a character exactly suited to his bent. He is an astonishing fellow this same Farren, and, although always the same, he is still racy and full of flavour, and his richness increases as he grows older. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have appeared in a new burletta entitled, "The New Servant." The former, though grown bulky after his transatlantic excursion, has lost nothing of his originality and simplicity; neither has Mrs. Keeley any of her *naïveté* and cheerfulness. Madame, as usual, is mercurial and *debonaire*, and Charles Matthews acts up to her with corresponding vivacity.

THE ADELPHI campaign has commenced its winter under the most favourable auspices. The house has been nightly overflowed, and all orders have been stopped until Power has cooled down to a 'half price' consideration. Louis's dramatic version of his "Rory O'Moore" is ill-constructed for the talents at this theatre. It is true that Power is as he should be, thrown into alto relievo, but Mr. Yates is left in the shade, and the whole is inferior to Buckstone's in regard to interest. The scenery throughout is beautiful, but the effect of the rising of the waters, in the second act, is hacknied compared with the clever mechanical changes we have seen exhibited at this establishment. The nautical pieces at this house have been so admirably got up in point of scenery, that Mr. Yates's audiences will not consent to any thing less than perfection. Miss Agnes Taylor is a novice; she is nevertheless a very sweet vocalist, and will no doubt, in due time, become an efficient actress. The "Pocket-Book" is a very serious and interesting drama, and the author is well supported by the excellent performances of Mr. Yates, O'Smith, and Lyon. We regret to hear that John Reeve is yet in a state that makes it doubtful how soon, if ever, he will resume his post by the side of his old friend Yates.

NORTON FALGATE.—Mrs. Honey has returned to town from Newmarket, and is good-natured enough to manage for Mr. Cockerton. This elegant little theatre opened on the 16th of October under the auspices of herself and her noble *in-amorato*. Of what malady the fair manageress was indisposed, we know not. At all events the pieces first announced were deferred until her recovery on the 23rd,—from which we date the beginning of the season. Byron's "Don Juan" dramatised by Milner and Stirling is the chief lion here, and a very good one too. Mrs. Honey displays her charms to advantage and her voice to disadvantage, as the rakish boy, and she is well supported by Vale and other subordinates of her establishment. Of the other pieces we know none that rises above insignificance.—But, most probably, they suit the confined capacities of the *Shoreditchians*,—and, if so, why should we grumble?

After thus, in as brief a space as possible, describing the merits and demerits of the theatrical establishments that have just opened to the public, we might, perhaps, close the subject, if by so doing a great injustice were not done to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who, at the Haymarket, has produced the best piece that has graced the stage for many a long year. The first representation of "The Love Chase," was on Monday the 9th of October. Difficult as it is to sustain a great reputation at its height, the author of the "Hunchback" and the "Beggar's Daughter," has not disappointed us in this fresh effort of his mind. His delineations have lost nothing of their power, delicacy, or truth; there are the same fancy with invention and romantic grace, the same traces of deep feeling with the same frankness, strength, and simplicity, which bespeak how much he is at home and in earnest. The plot is exceedingly simple. *Sir William Fondlove* (Mr. Strickland) an old baronet comes to town with his daughter *Constance* (Mrs. Nisbett) a gay, volatile, and somewhat self-willed *Beatrice*, and here they are joined by *Wildrake* (Mr. Webster) an unsophisticated, downright, out-spoken country squire, who is so teased with the mischievous fun of the young lady his playmate from childhood, that he resolves to return at once into Lincolnshire. His friend *Truworth* (Mr. Hemans), however, detects the true state of their feelings, and draws them out by pretending a passion for *Constance* and begging *Wildrake* to intercede for him, while a hint is given to the other party concerning the dangerous influence of a certain *Widow Green* (Mrs. Glover) to whom *Sir William* has made up his mind to propose marriage. The raillery of *Constance* at the attempts of her swain to metamorphose himself into a town gentleman, and her sudden repentance and misgivings for her wicked jokes are admirably managed. The dialogue is brilliant and lively, but withal high-toned, affecting, and natural. Perhaps the style is not always entirely free from an affectation of quaintness, and forced inversions of language, and occasionally a redundancy of expletives;

but where the spirit and general treatment are so good it would be fastidious indeed to dwell upon these. We would rather fill up our small space with a specimen of the beauties, and there is scarcely any more to our fancy than the following in which the racketty neighbour *Constance* describes to neighbour *Wildrake* the pleasures of the chase.

Constance. What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!
Whose soul, in his task, turns labour into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath! He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstasy of motion!

Wildrake. You are used,
I see, to the chase.

Constance. I am, Sir! Then the leap,
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it! Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes
Light as a bird on wing.

Wildrake. 'Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turned you, Madam.

Constance. And then the hounds, Sir! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-train'd pack.
The training's every thing! keep on the scent!
At fault none losing heart! but all at work!
None leaving his task to another! answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together! what a pack!
Nor turn nor ditch nor stream divides them—as
They move with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up! enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list their jocund music!"

Wildrake. You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life!

Constance. I love it!
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday! Not a hill-top
But's then alive! Footmen with horsemen vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigour, health, and joy!—Cheer awakes cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
Breaks into tenfold mirth! laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!"

But what profits it to extract from a play every part of which testifies
a genius of which the literary world may well be proud?

We proceed with our description of the comedy, and that part of it which, according to our notion, has more truly poetic talents than any other. Interwoven with the main plot, is another in which *Master Waller* (Mr. Elton) is in love with the *Widow Green's* sewing-maid *Lydia* (Miss Vandenhoff), and we may be allowed to say, that it is a truly Shaksperian character, of impassioned feeling, and most delicate purity. Her low condition subjects her to an unworthy proposal from her lover, which she resents by taking leave of him for ever, at the same time that she admits her affection. Wallis's compunction for his ungenerous treatment of her is well expressed.

"She is in virtue resolute,
As she is bland and tender in affection.
She is a miracle, beholding which
Wonder doth grow on wonder!—What a maid!
No mood but doth become her—yea adorn her.
She turns unsightly anger into beauty!
Sour scorn grows sweetness, touching her sweet lips!
And indignation, lighting on her brow,
Transforms to brightness, as the cloud to gold
That overhangs the sun! I love her—Ay!
And all the throes of serious passion feel
At thought of losing her!—so my light love,
Which but her person did at first affect,
Her soul has metamorphos'd—made a thing
Of solid thoughts and wishes—I must have her!"

At the close we are treated with three weddings; *Constance* and *Wildrake* of course are the most interesting personages in one; *Waller* and *Lydia* figure in another; and in the third the old baronet and the *Widow Green* are most ludicrously brought together. The lady, fancying that the visits of *Waller* to her house were the natural consequence of her own charms, had arrayed her matron-graces in bridal trim at the time appointed by him in a letter without a direction, intended for *Lydia*, but unhesitatingly appropriated to herself by the vanity of her mistress, into whose hands it had fallen. Finding a most unexpected and unwelcome reception from *Waller*, she seeks consolation in the proffered love of *Sir William*, who makes his appearance as a bridegroom, owing to an ingenious trick by which he had been cajoled into a belief that all the preparations had been made on his account, and required corresponding advances on his part only to effect the consummation he so devoutly wished.

Strickland played *Fondlove* with a degree of talent that induces the expectation of his becoming one day a first-rate *old man* actor. *Mrs. Nisbett* represented *Constance* with considerably more than her usual ability, and even *Miss Vandenhoff*, as if inspired by her author, strove to throw off the torpor and tameness which is her characteristic. The comedy was completely successful, and will no doubt become a first-rate stock play.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A periodical work devoted to the Picturesque and Romantic Scenery of the London and Birmingham Railway, has been some time in preparation, and will shortly appear. Each number will be illustrated by highly finished engravings on steel, similar to those in *Roscoe's "Wanderings in Wales."*

Miss Agnes Strickland is engaged in preparing for the press, under the royal patronage of her Majesty Queen Victoria, "*The Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest.*" This work, which is one of deep research, comprises the domestic history of royalty, for a period of nearly eight centuries, and will contain much new and important information relating to the manners, customs, and events, of the most interesting ages of English History.

We proceed with our description of the comedy, and that part of it which according to our notion, has more truly poetic relations than any other. Lovers woven with the main plot, is another in which Walter (Mr. Waller) is in love with the Widow Green's waiting-maid Lydia (Miss Vandenhoff), and we may be allowed to say, that it is a truly Shakespearean character, of impassioned feeling, and most delicate purity. Her low condition subjects her to an unwelcome proposal from her lover, which she resents by taking leave of him for ever, at the same time that she admits her affection. Walter's emotion for his ungenerous treatment of her is well expressed.

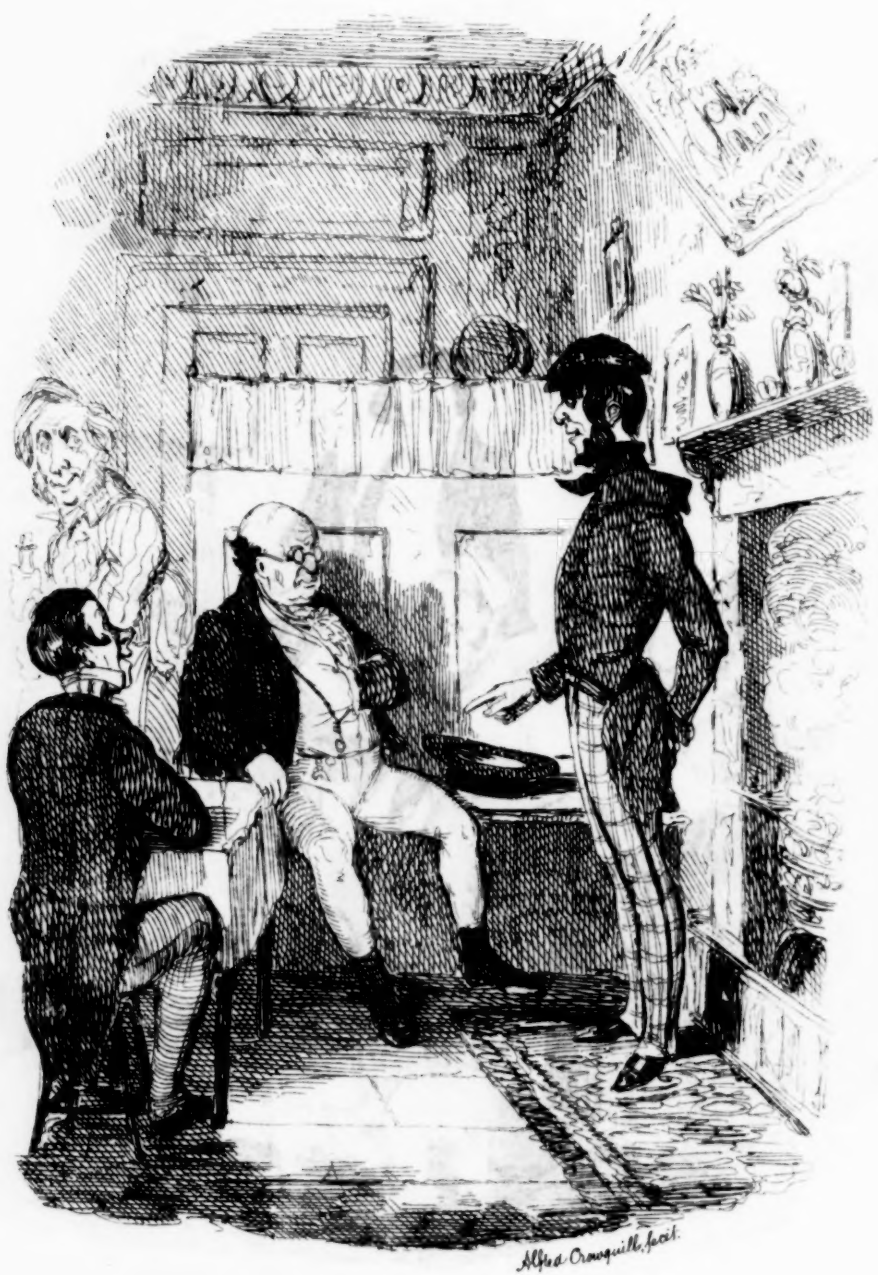
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At the close we are treated with three wedding; Constance and Widdals of course are the most interesting personages in our play; Walter and Lydia figure in another; and in the third the old baronet and the Widow Green are most ingeniously brought together. The lady, fancying that the visits of Walter to her house were the natural consequence of her own charms, had arranged her marriage in a bridal trim at the time appointed by him in a letter without a direction, intended for Lydia, but unfortunately appropriated to herself by the vanity of her mistress, into whose hands it had fallen. Finding a most unexpected and unwelcome reception from Walter, she seeks consolation in the professed love of Sir William, who makes his appearance as a bridegroom, owing to an ingenious trick by which he had been ejected into a belief that all the preparations had been made on his account, and required corresponding advances on his part only to effect the consummation he so devoutly wished.

Richard played Constance with a degree of talent that induces the expectation of his becoming one day a first-rate old man actor. Miss Fiskett represented Constance with considerably more than her usual ability, and even Miss Vandenhoff, as it inspired by her author, strove to throw off the fat and tameness which is her characteristic. The comedy was completely successful, and will no doubt become a first-rate stock play.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A periodical work devoted to the Protestant and Roman Catholic history of the London and Birmingham Railway, has been some time in preparation, and will shortly appear. Each number will be illustrated by highly finished engravings on steel, similar to those in Hooper's "Wanderings in Wales." Miss Agnes Richardson is engaged in preparing for the press, under the royal patronage of her Majesty Queen Victoria, "The Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest." This work, which is one of deep research, comprises the domestic history of royalty, for a period of nearly eight centuries, and will contain much new and important information relating to the domestic customs and events of the most interesting ages of English history.



Mr. Crashem introducing himself to Mr. Pickwick.



Mr. Pickwick's triumphal Entry into Calais.

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PICKWICK ABROAD;

OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE.

A SERIES OF PAPERS COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE NOTES AND MEMORANDA OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

TO THE READER.

The immortal "Boz" has done so much to render the public familiar with the characters and adventures of some of the most remarkable men of the present day—viz., Mr. Pickwick and his followers—that it is only with extreme diffidence a new historian has ventured to continue the lives of those extraordinary individuals. But short and to the purpose be the introduction to these Memoirs.

A few months ago I called upon Mr. Pickwick at his house in Dorsetshire, and from certain circumstances—such as the appearance of a number of letters and papers in the hall, each bearing a label with the following words marked upon it, "Memoirs of Samuel Pickwick, Esq., of the 'Pickwick Club,' which I immediately informed that the object of my visit was just returned from a continental tour. Now was I mistaken in my supposition. The founder of the 'Pickwick Club,' which now exists no longer, had violated the promise he had some time since made to himself, and had voluntarily deviated from that tranquil mode of life it was his intention to adopt when his first biographer, "Boz," took leave of him. In fact he had, with that noble disregard for danger and difficulty, and that spirit of enterprise and perseverance, which formed such prominent traits in the character of this extraordinary man, undertaken a journey to Paris—had actually resided some time in the sovereign city of France—and, reckless of fatigue, had retraced his steps at the termination of a certain period, by means of diligence, steam-packet, and coach, to his classic abode at Dorsetshire.

Without fatiguing the reader with an elaborate description of the astonishment I naturally experienced at the boldness of the idea, the certainty that it had been followed up, and the uncompromising courage of him who had carried it into effect—an idea that prompted him to leave his own fire-side, and risk the perils of the ocean, the chance of being overtaken in a diligence, and the probability of finding himself amongst a nation of anthropophagi in the ruins of human beings—without dwelling on this subject, fearful lest the eagerness I offer to my friend might be deemed the dictate of partiality and blind adulation—I shall merely state that the note-book and the memoranda of the illustrious Pickwick were placed at my disposal, and that it has become my happy fate to succeed the no less immortal